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REVISED

AMERICAN



BOOK

ONE

Zuchtmann's Public School
Music Course

FOR PRIMARY GRADES.

KING-RICHARDSON PUBLISHING CO.
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.,
U.S.A.

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Public School Music Course.

Book One,

FOR PRIMARY GRADES.



THE AMERICAN MUSIC SYSTEM

• BY

FREDERICK ZUCHTMANN



KING, RICHARDSON PUBLISHING CO.,

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., U. S. A.

1898

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7.

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PREFACE.

This book is designed for the Primary Grades.

Pupils when first entering upon their school life have faulty habits of speech which we aim to correct by means of the exercises on the vowel charts.

Song is developed out of speech, therefore it is necessary to develop the organs of the voice in the right direction from the beginning.

Rote singing is an important factor in developing the musical sense in children, and the pupils are to sing the simple little songs in the first part of the book by rote until they are able to read the notes.

Teachers should require the pupils to sing softly and pay particular attention to enunciation. When the words are not distinctly heard the song loses its beauty.

The songs have been carefully selected and will be found singable and pleasing. All trashy music and words have been avoided.

Particular attention should be given the breathing marks and accents.

THE AUTHOR.

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THE AMERICAN MUSIC SYSTEM.

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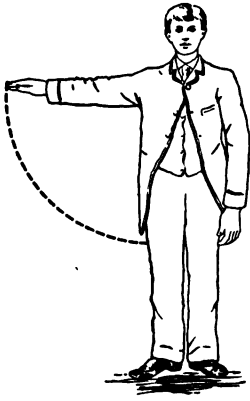
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BREATHING.

The teacher will instruct the pupils to inhale and expel the breath through the nostrils, and to take the arm movements in a steady manner, the arms to be extended their full length but avoiding rigidity of the muscles.

	INHALING.	RETAINING.	EXHALING.
FIRST YEAR,	1 2 3 1 2 3 1 2 3 1 2 3	0 1 1 2 1 2 3	3 2 1 3 2 1 3 2 1 3 2 1
SECOND YEAR,	1 2 3 1 2 1	0 0 0	1 2 3 1 2 3 4 1 2 3 4 5
THIRD YEAR,	1 2 3 1 2 1	1 1 2 1 2 3	1 2 3 1 2 3 1 2 3
FOURTH YEAR,	1 2 3 1 2 1	1 2 3 1 2 3 1 2 3	1 2 3 1 2 3 4 1 2 3 4 5

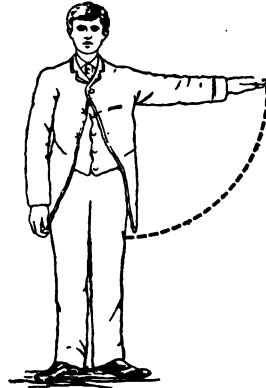
For further instructions, see Manual.



Posture A
RIGHT ARM EXERCISE

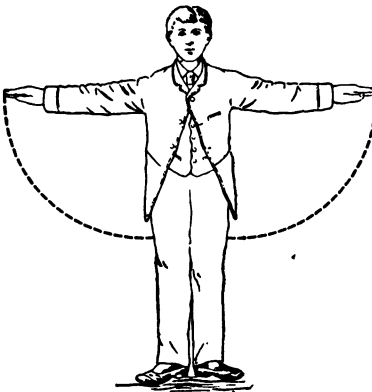
BREATHING

PRACTICE
THE
BREATHING
EXERCISES
DAILY.

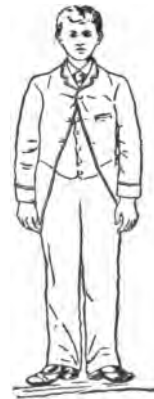


Posture B
LEFT ARM EXERCISE

THE AMERICAN MUSIC SYSTEM.



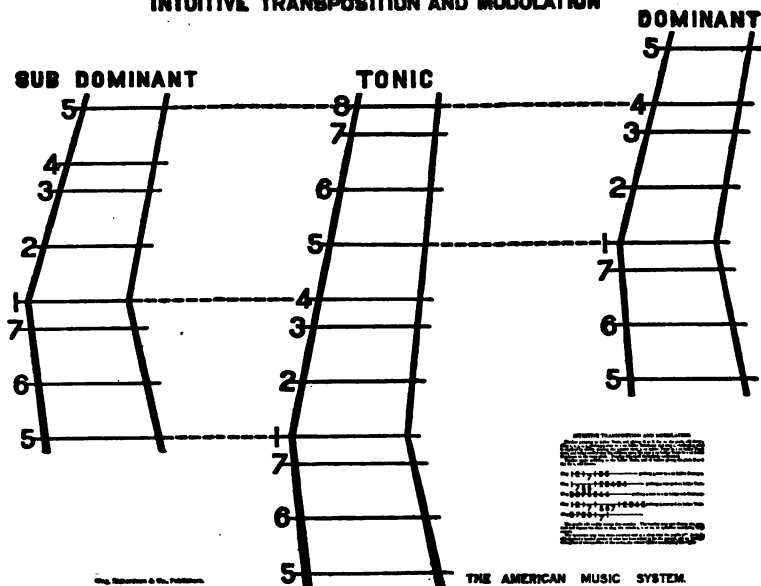
Posture C
RIGHT AND LEFT ARM EXERCISE



Posture D
NATURAL POSITION

THE AMERICAN MUSIC SYSTEM

INTUITIVE TRANSPOSITION AND MODULATION



INTUITIVE TRANSPOSITION AND MODULATION.

17 B

Teacher pointing to ladder Tonic, and giving E or E flat as the pitch, will dictate, Sing 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, prolong 5 over to 1 on ladder Dominant and sing 1, -indicating what is required by slowly moving the pointer from 5 on ladder Tonic to 1 on ladder Dominant, and being careful that the children carry the tone 5 on ladder Tonic to 1 on ladder Dominant on the same pitch, Practice this until thoroughly understood

Teacher again pointing to the ladder Tonic, and of course giving the pitch E or E flat for 1, will dictate

Sing $\overline{1\ 2\ 1\ 7\ 1\ 3\ 5}$ ——— prolong 5 over to 1 on ladder Dominant

Sing $\overline{1\ 7\ 6\ 5\ 1\ 2\ 3\ 4\ 3\ 4}$ ——— prolong 4 over to 8 on ladder Tonic

Sing $\overline{8\ 8\ 7\ 6\ 5\ 4\ 4}$ ——— prolong 4 over to 1 on ladder sub Dominant.

Sing $\overline{1\ 2\ 1\ 7\ 1\ 5\ 6\ 7\ 1\ 2\ 3\ 4\ 5}$ ——— prolong 5 over to 8 on ladder Tonic.

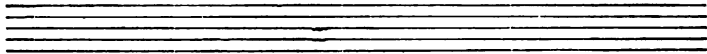
Sing $\overline{8\ 7\ 2\ 3\ 1\ 7\ 1}$ ———

The pupils will readily master this exercise The teacher may now dictate the numbers and require the class to sing the vowels a, o or oo, or syllables containing these vowels.

The instructor may vary these exercises and in a short time the pupils will obtain by this method a mental picture of what has been aimed at for the present, viz: an intuitive conception of transposition of the scales, the related ladders constituting the object.

STAFF AND NOTATION.

STAFF: FIVE LINES AND FOUR SPACES.



NUMBERS OF THE LINES AND SPACES.

5th Line. 4th Line. 3d Line. 2d Line. 1st Line. 4th Space. 3d Space. 2d Space. 1st Space.

NUMBERS OF THE NOTES OF THE SCALE.

NAMES OF THE LINES AND SPACES.

Added Line-1- 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 - C D E F G A B C

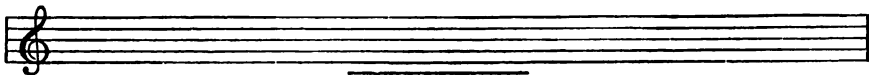
NOTES.

CLEF. MEASURE. BAR. MEASURE. BAR. MEASURE. BAR.

WHOLE NOTES.

WHOLE RESTS.

PRIMITIVE TRANSPOSITION.



The above represents the staff, consisting of five lines and four spaces, and also the added line below.

In the beginning, the added first, second, or third lines, or the added first, second, or third spaces may be used as the tonic (one). The teacher should draw the above diagram on the blackboard and point slowly and decidedly, having the pupils watch closely the movements of the pointer, responding promptly to its changes.

No notes or signs should be used at this stage of progress as they would be confusing to the eye and mind of the child, whose whole attention must be concentrated on the tip of the pointer, in order to thoroughly fix in mind the location of the intervals.

Example—The teacher pointing to the added line says: "What line is this?" Pupils answer, "The added line below the staff." Teacher, "What number will you give this line?" Pupils, "One." Teacher pointing now to the added space below the staff says, "If one is on the added line, what number will you give this space?" Pupils, "Two." Teacher, pointing to the first line, "What number now?" Pupils, "Three."

The teacher then points to the first space, second line, second space, third line, and third space, and the pupils reply accordingly.

Then the teacher points to the first line and asks, "If number *one* is placed on *this* line, what number would be on the second line, third line, first space, second space, etc.?"

Pupils should now sing as the teacher points, should be made to distinctly understand on what line or space the key note (one) is intended, and should be made to sing slowly but surely, the different combinations the teacher gives.

WHOLE NOTES.



ä ä ē ē
 ō awe ā ä
 ōō ō ä ōō
 ä ō ä awe ē ā ē ä
 ä ō ōō ōō ä awe ō ōō ē ä ä awe ē ä ä ōō

WHOLE NOTES AND WHOLE RESTS.


Two-two time.

Down Up.



ä ō ä awe ē ā ē ā
 ō ōō ō ōō ä awe ā ä

HALF NOTES AND HALF RESTS.




ä ō ä ē
 ō ōō ē ā
 ōō ä ä ä
 ä ō. ō ōō ä ē ä ē

LITTLE BIRDIE.



Lit - tle bird - les in the tree, Sing all day so hap - pi - ly.

BIRDIES LARGE AND SMALL.



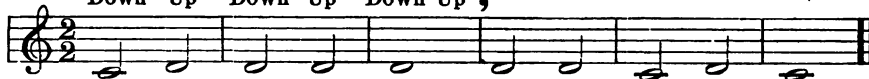
Bird - les, bird - les, large and small, Sing thy sweet - est songs to all.

PITCH AND DURATION OF TONES.

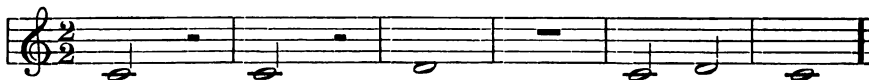
SECONDS. INTERVAL FROM 1 TO 2.

Two-Two TIME.

Down Up Down Up Down Up ,



Two-Two TIME.



PITCH AND DURATION OF TONES.

SECONDS. INTERVAL FROM 1 TO 2.

THREE-TWO TIME.



QUARTER NOTES AND QUARTER RESTS.

FOUR-FOUR TIME.

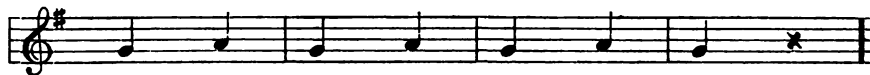
DOWN LEFT RIGHT UP DOWN LEFT RIGHT UP



PURITY.



Let us seek, as chil - dren ought,

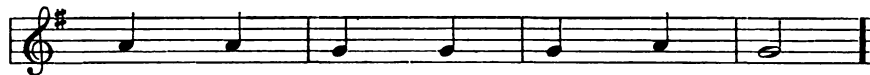


Pur - i - ty in dress and thought.

LAZINESS.



Work to - mor - row, not to - day,



All the la - zy peo - ple say.

EARLY RISING.



When the sun at break of day,
Then each boy and girl should rise,



Darts his first bright gold - en ray,
With the larks that mount the skies.

PITCH AND DURATION OF TONES.

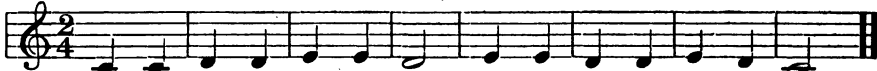
INTERVAL FROM 1 TO 2

FOUR-FOUR TIME

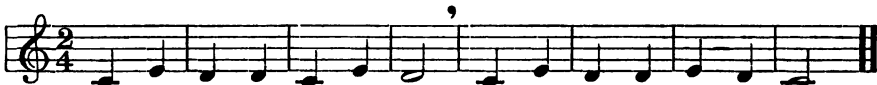


THIRDS. INTERVAL FROM 1 TO 3.

TWO-FOUR TIME.



Lit - tle moments make an hour, Lit - tle seeds, a tree or flower.



Dar - ling lit - tle ba - by Belle Soon the a b c can tell.

THREE-FOUR TIME.



GOD'S CARE.



1. Mer - ry bird - lings sing and play,
2. But - ter - flies flit through the air,
3. 'Neath the for - est's cool - ing shade,
4. Thus His crea - tures, great and small,



- Flow - ers bloom in bright ar - ray.
 Gal - ly col - ored, rich and rare.
 Doe and fawn sport in the glade.
 God pro - tects and cares for all.

EVENING PRAYER.



1. Lord, pro- tect me with Thy might, That I peace-ful sleep to- night.
2. Lord, I ren- der thanks to Thee, For Thy boundless love to me.

LEARNING.



1. This is east and this is west, Soon I'll learn to say the rest.
2. This is high and this is low, Thus my les - son soon I'll know.

THE BELLS.



1. Bells now ring, as they swing In the balm - y sum - mer air.
2. List - en, now, as we bow, To the call for eve - ning pray'r.

PITCH AND DURATION OF TONES.

THREE-FOUR TIME.



FOUR-FOUR TIME.



hā hā hā hā hā hā hā hā hā hā hā hā hā hā

hō hō hō hō hō hō hō hō hō hō hō hō hō

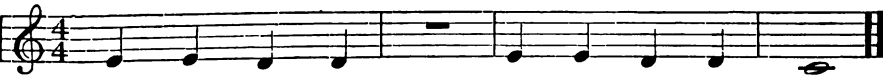
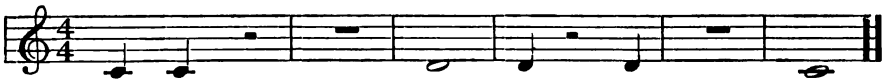
hōō hōō hōō hōō hōō hōō hōō hōō hōō hōō hōō hōō hōō

PITCH AND DURATION OF TONES.

FOUR-FOUR TIME.



SYNCOPE.



THE TIE.



THE FOURTH

Musical notation for 'THE FOURTH'. The piece is written on a single staff with a treble clef and a 2/4 time signature. It consists of three lines of music, each with a comma at the end of the line. The lyrics are written below the notes.

What does lit - tle bir - die say, In her nest at peep of day?

What a good old faith - ful dog, he so gen - tly on will jog.

Soft and low, now soft and low, from a - far their voi - ces flow.

THE RABBIT.

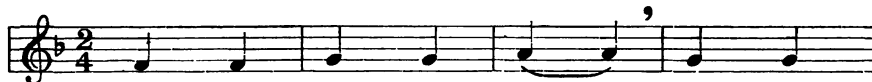


1. Rab - bit fleet, quick - ly flee, . .
 2. Rab - bit speed to the glade, .
 3. Hunt - er, stop, fol - low not, . .

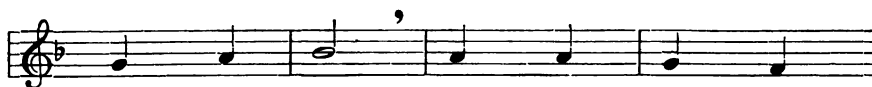


For the hunt - er seeks for thee. . .
 There is safe - ty in its shade. . .
 Bun - ny's death thy soul will blot. . .

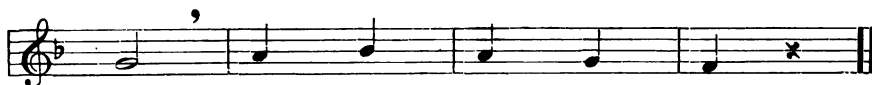
FLEETING TIME.



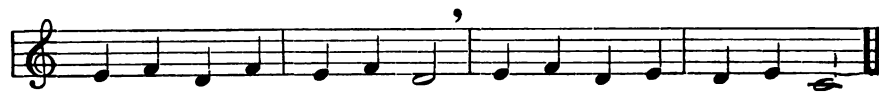
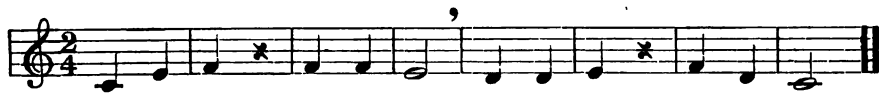
1. Swift - ly fleets each day, Seize it
 2. Joy that comes to - day, Soon will
 3. Now is time to sow, That the



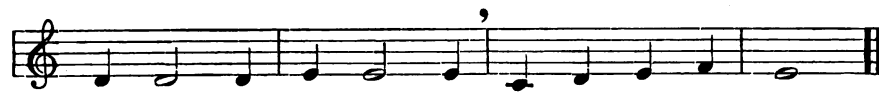
while ye may; Grasp each ray of
 fly a - way; For - tune's daz - zling
 plants may grow In - to full - ness



light, Quick - ly com - eth night.
 star Oft - en sets a - far.
 rare, And rich fruit - age bear.



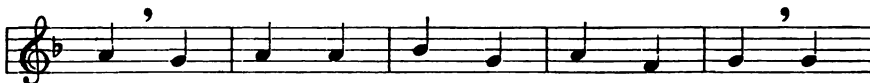
SYNCPATION.



IN THE MORNING.



1. Good morn - ing, sun - shine, wel - come
 2. The hap - py birds are blithe and
 3. The day may bring me joy or



friend, Your greet - ing through my win - dow send, And
 gay, The dawn has chased the night a - way, With
 pain, But birds and sun - shine come a - gain, And



tell what pleas - ures you por - tend.
 work and sport we'll fill the day.
 right o'er wrong shall ev - er reign.

JOYOUS BIRDS.

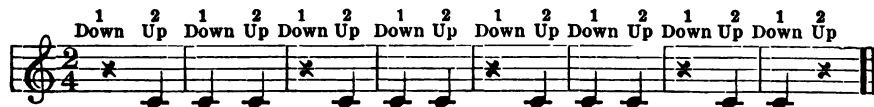


1. O birds that joy - ous sing all
 2. We birds that on the branch - es

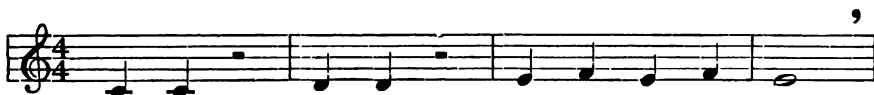


day, Pray tell me why you are so gay.
 swing, God's praise from morn till night do (Omit.) sing.

THE UPBEAT.



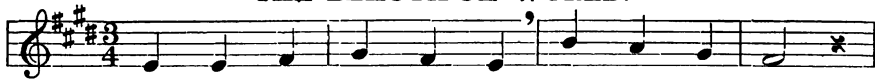
THE REPEAT. :|



THE FIFTH.



THE BEAUTIFUL WORLD.



1. Sun in the clear blue sky, bright are thy rays,
2. Val - ley and hill 'neath thy warm gen - ial glow,
3. Heav - en - ly Fa - ther, Thy won - der - ful world,



Warm - ing the earth through the long sum - mer days.
 Love - ly with flow - ers and green grass - es grow.
 Dai - ly to us hath its glo - ries un - furled.

EVENING.



1. The light of day has fad - ed From Heav-en's az - ure dome; A
2. The toil ex-haust-ed reap - ers Are deep-ly wrapp'd in sleep; While
3. Be - hold the lit - tle ba - by With sweet and love - ly face; Its



peace-ful si - lence hov - ers O'er mead-ow, field, and home.
 o - ver all God's chil - dren, His an - gels watch shall keep.
 slumb'ring form and feat - ures Are full of ten - der grace.

THE RILL.



1. Far down in the val-ley there dan-ces a rill; It has leap'd gai - ly
2. But where there are hollows it changes its song, In their depths doth it
3. A song that is mel-low and soothing is found In the mag-i - cal

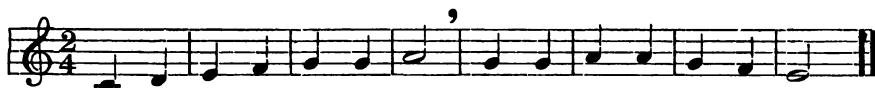


forth from its source in the hill; Its hastes o - ver shal-lows and
 slack - en while rush - ing a - long; Tho' shal-lows may rip - ple a
 spell of its soft lull - ing sound; From cares and from griefs we

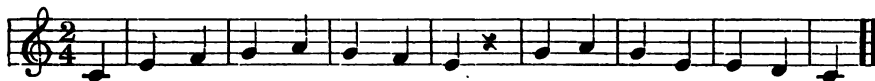


rip - ples in glee, While it sing-eth a song that's en - chanting to me.
 song bright and clear, The depths sing a song that I love most to hear.
 feel our-selves free, As we lie by the pool 'neath the wide branching tree.

THE SIXTH.



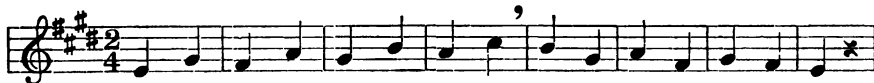
Haste thee, win - ter, haste a - way; Let me feel the Springtide ray.



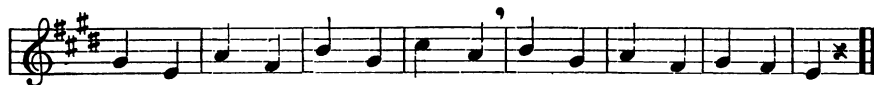
Wea-ry Win-ter, haste from me, Let the chill-ing breez-es flee.



THE VIOLET.

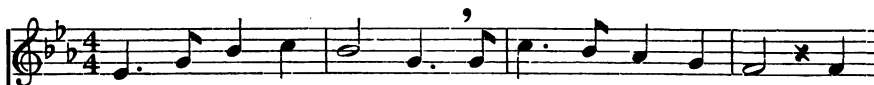


1. In the mead-ow is a flow-er Close-ly nestling to the ground;
 2. You were once a part of heav-en, Vio-let sweet, so blue and fair;



'Tis a vio-let, peep-ing coy-ly From the grass that grows a-round.
 'Twas your birthplace, I am cer-tain And the an-gels loved you there.

SNOWDROP.



See the lit-tle snow-drop, As pure as pure can be, So



fair and white and ea-ger, The queen of May to see.



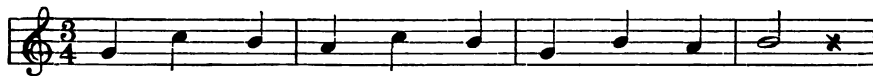
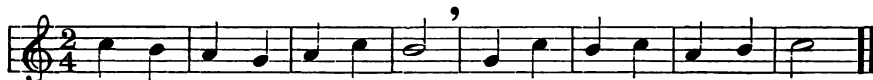
THE SEVENTH.



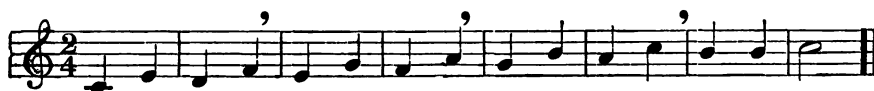
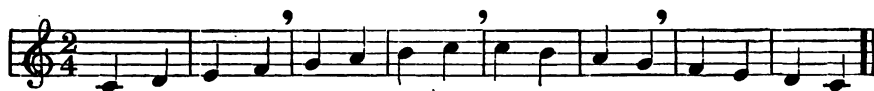
Here, with - in my hum - ble cot, sweet con - tent - ment still my lot.



THE EIGHTH.



THE OCTAVE.



DOTTED HALF NOTES.

Count 1 2 3 1 2 3 1 2 3 1 2 3

The image displays ten musical staves, each containing a sequence of notes and rests. The first three staves are in 3/4 time, and the remaining seven are in 6/4 time. The notation includes quarter notes, eighth notes, and dotted half notes. Above the first staff, a 'Count' is provided: 1 2 3 1 2 3 1 2 3 1 2 3. The first staff shows a dotted half note on the first count (1), followed by quarter notes on counts 2 and 3, and then a sequence of quarter notes on counts 1 through 12. The second staff shows quarter notes on counts 1 through 9, followed by a dotted half note on count 10, and then quarter notes on counts 11 and 12. The third staff shows quarter notes on counts 1 through 6, followed by a dotted half note on count 7, and then quarter notes on counts 8 and 9. The fourth staff shows quarter notes on counts 1 through 6, followed by a dotted half note on count 7, and then quarter notes on counts 8 and 9. The fifth staff shows quarter notes on counts 1 through 6, followed by a dotted half note on count 7, and then quarter notes on counts 8 and 9. The sixth staff shows quarter notes on counts 1 through 6, followed by a dotted half note on count 7, and then quarter notes on counts 8 and 9. The seventh staff shows quarter notes on counts 1 through 6, followed by a dotted half note on count 7, and then quarter notes on counts 8 and 9. The eighth staff shows quarter notes on counts 1 through 6, followed by a dotted half note on count 7, and then quarter notes on counts 8 and 9. The ninth staff shows quarter notes on counts 1 through 6, followed by a dotted half note on count 7, and then quarter notes on counts 8 and 9. The tenth staff shows quarter notes on counts 1 through 6, followed by a dotted half note on count 7, and then quarter notes on counts 8 and 9.

MODULATION C TO G.

Tonic C. Tonic G.

1 2 3 4 5 1 2 3 4 5
La la la la la la la la

8 7 6 5 1 7 6 5 4 3
La la la la la la la la la la

D. C. COLESWORTH.

Kind hearts are the gar - dens, Kind tho'ts are the roots,

Kind words are the blos - soms, Kind deeds are the fruits

EIGHTH NOTES AND EIGHTH RESTS

FOUR-EIGHT TIME.

Rest rest rest rest

La la la la whisper "rest" in counting time. La rest la rest rest la rest la

Tho' but low - ly be my state, I'll not en - vy all the great.

See the kind re - fresh-ing shower, Springing grass and fra - grant flower.

O'er the mead - ows, past the mills, Jin - gle, jin - gle down the hills.

O come with me where violets bloom; They fill the air with sweet perfume.

THE DOTTED QUARTER NOTE.



SCALE CONTINUED DOWNWARDS.

Tonic = E or F.



Diagram of a guitar fretboard showing fret numbers 1 through 8 on both sides of the neck, with letter names C, D, E, F, G, A, B assigned to specific frets on the strings.

Scale notation (Tonic = E or F):

La la la la la la la la la la la la la la la
 Lō lō lō lō lō lō lō lō lō lō lō lō lō lō lō

Tonic = B or C.

Scale notation (Tonic = B or C):

La la la la la la la la la la la la la la la
 La la la la la la la la la la la la

Tonic = B or C.

Scale notation (Tonic = B or C):

La la la la la la la la la la
 La la la la la la la la la la

MODULATION C TO F.

Tonic C. **Tonic F.**

8 7 6 5 4 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 1 5 6 7 1 2 3 4 5

La la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la

Canon.

"Come, lit - tle leaves," said the wind one day;

"Come o'er the mead - ows with me . . and play."

I'm a lit - tle snow-drop, As pure as pure can be; I'm

walt - ing here in pa - tience, The queen of May to see.

EXERCISES IN DYNAMICS.



PP. Very soft.
P. Soft.
MF. Medium loud.
F. Loud.
FF. Very loud.



THE SLUR.



STACCATO. ' !



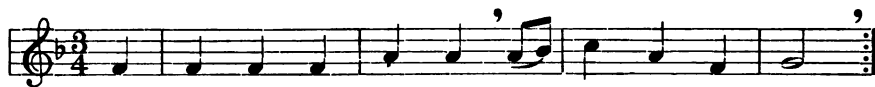
HALF STACCATO.



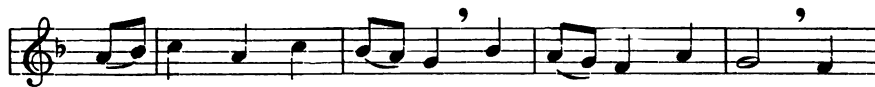
TIME DRILL.



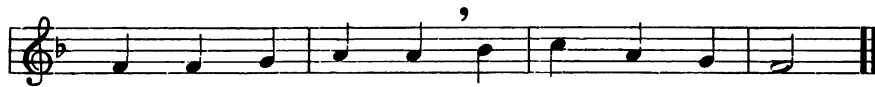
THE ROBIN.



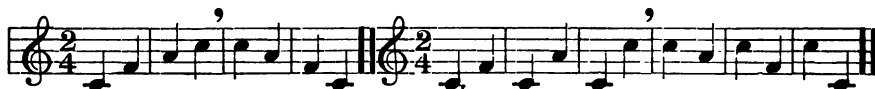
{ There came to my win-dow, One morn-ing in May, }
 { A bright lit-tle rob-in, And this seem'd to say: }



"O hap-py, how hap-py, This bright world can be! A -



wake, lit-tle maid-en, And car-ol with me."



TIME DRILL, THE TIE, AND SLUR.

la - a - a la - a - a la - a - a la - a - a

la - a - a la - a - a la - a - a la - a - a

la - a - a la - a la la - a - a la - a la la - a - a la la la la - a - a la - a

la - a - a la - a la la - a - a la - a la la - a - a la - a la la - a - a la - a

la - a la la la - a la la la la la - a - a la - a la la la la la la la - a

la la - a la la la - a la la - a la - a x la - a la la la - a - a la la - a la la - a x

SIXTEENTH NOTES.

[illegible]

DOTTED EIGHTH NOTES.

la - a - la la - a - la la la la - a - la la - a - la la la

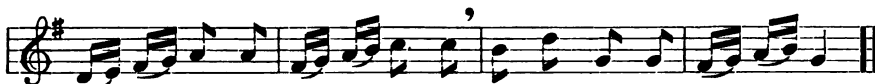
la a - la la - a - la la - a - la la - a - la la - a - la la - a - la la - a - a ♪

THE DEER.

Karl Glaser.

Andante.

1. Leaps the deer, his ant-lers fling-ing, Ca-pers glad-ly in its play;
2. But in yon-der shad-y thicket Stands a hun-ter with his hound;
3. Goes no more the poor deer leap-ing, From its side the blood doth pour;



All the birds now cease their singing, When they see its gam-bols gay.
 See! he fires his dead-ly mus-ket! Gives the play-ful deer a wound.
 Tim-id birds, deep si-lence keep-ing, Lift their cheer-ful notes no more.

THE PINE TREE.

Anschütz.



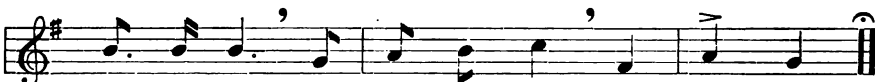
1. O pine tree tall, O pine tree tall, How fast and true thy
2. Ah! pine tree tall, Ah! pine tree tall, For - ev - er will I



nee - dles; They're green in sum - mer when it glows, And
 love thee; So oft - en on the Christ-mas day Thy



green in win - ter when it snows; O pine tree tall, O
 form has made my heart so gay; Ah! pine tree tall, Ah!

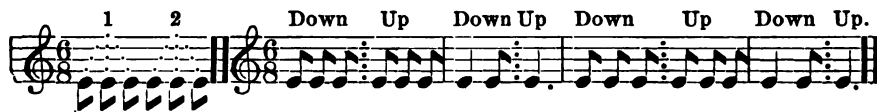
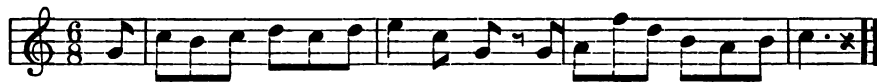


pine tree tall, How fast and true thy nee - dles.
 pine tree tall, For - ev - er will I love thee.

SIX-EIGHT TIME.



SCALE, CONTINUED UPWARDS.



THE TRIPLET.



BEE SONG.

MENDELSSOHN.

p

1. How doth the lit - tle bus - y bee Im-prove each shin-ing hour, And
 2. How skil - ful - ly she builds her cell! How neat - ly spreads the wax! And
 3. In works of la - bor, or of skill, I would be bus - y, too, For
 4. In books, or work, or healthful play Let my first years be passed; That

p

cres.

gath - er hon - ey all the day, From ev - 'ry ope-n ing flow'r?
 la - bors hard to store it well, With the sweet food she makes.
 Sa - tan finds some mis-chief still For i - dle hands to do.
 I may give, for ev - 'ry day, Some good ac - count at last.

DAISY.

I am a lit - tle Dai - sy, I have but lit - tle worth, But

I can add my brightness, bright - ness, To this dull scene of earth.

ACCIDENTALS OR TONES FOREIGN TO THE SCALE.



b ♯

A diagram illustrating the relationship between flat and sharp accidentals for various notes. It consists of a large, stylized staff with notes and accidentals, and a series of smaller musical staves to the right showing the resulting scale.

The diagram shows the following relationships:

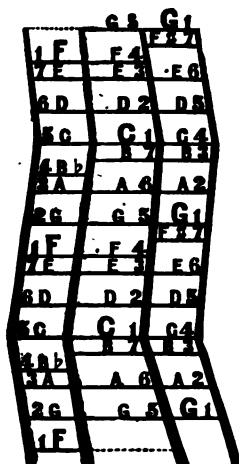
- FLAT 5 (F) is equivalent to SHARP 4 (D#)
- FLAT 3 (Bb) is equivalent to SHARP 2 (C#)
- FLAT 2 (Ab) is equivalent to SHARP 1 (G#)
- FLAT 7 (Cb) is equivalent to SHARP 6 (F#)
- FLAT 6 (Eb) is equivalent to SHARP 5 (D#)
- FLAT 5 (F) is equivalent to SHARP 4 (D#)
- FLAT 3 (Bb) is equivalent to SHARP 2 (C#)
- FLAT 2 (Ab) is equivalent to SHARP 1 (G#)
- FLAT 7 (Cb) is equivalent to SHARP 6 (F#)
- FLAT 6 (Eb) is equivalent to SHARP 5 (D#)

The smaller staves to the right show the resulting scales for each case, demonstrating how the flat and sharp accidentals affect the scale.



EXERCISES IN ACCIDENTALS.

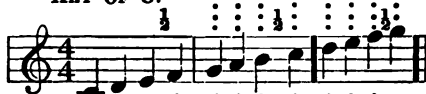
The first system of the musical score for 'The Bird Song' consists of two staves in 3/4 time. The first staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody begins on a whole note G4, followed by a half note A4, a quarter note B4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note G4, a quarter note F#4, a quarter note E4, and a quarter note D4. The second staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody begins on a whole note D3, followed by a half note E3, a quarter note F#3, a quarter note G3, a quarter note A3, a quarter note B3, a quarter note A3, and a quarter note G3. Both staves end with a double bar line and a repeat sign.



KEY OF G.



KEY OF C.

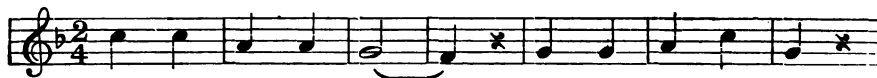


KEY OF F.



LITTLE DROP OF DEW.

Words from F. D. SHERMAN.



1. Lit - tle drop of dew, . . . Like a gem you are;
 2. When the day is bright, . . . On the grass you lie;



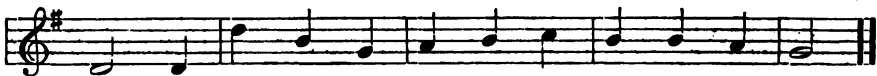
- I be - lieve that you . . . Must have been a star.
 Tell me then, at night . . . Are you in the sky?

OUT OF DOORS.

GEO. EDGAR OLIVER.



1. Let us haste to the field where the dais - ies are
 2. As we stroll in the lane we find each liv - ing
 3. And we hear in the grove such a mu - sic - al



- found, And pick them and twine them our fore-heads a - round.
 thing Has felt like en - chant-ment the touch of the spring.
 guild Of lin - nets and larks that with joy we are thrilled.

TWO PART EXERCISES.





EARLY RISING.

Dieffenbacher.

When the morn - ing's first red ray, Greet your
eyes, at break of day, Sleep - er, rise, and
greet the sun, The glo - rious day has now be - gun.

TRUST IN GOD.

Dieffenbacher.

De - spair ye not in time of stress, Your du - ty
do and God will bless, And hap - ly end your sore dis - tress.

MORNING PRAYER.

Dieffenbacher.

My God, now o - ver is the night, With rest - ed soul I
greet Thy light; Oh, guard me thro' this life's long day, And keep all
harm from me, I pray, And keep all harm from me, I pray.

PRAYER.

F. W. Gebhardt.

Slow and soft.

1. Al-might-y God, Thy chil-dren, With faith lift up their pray'r,
2. O Thou that on the mountain And on the plain dost dwell,
3. Grant pu-ri - ty and wis - dom, With childlike mirth and joy,



And hum-bly ask Thy bless-ing, Which drives a - way all care.
 Show us Thy heav'nly fountain, Whence all our mer-cies well.
 And thus, at last, Thy kingdom, Where naught can e'er an - noy.

PRAISE OF WATER.

SOLO.

CHORUS.

SOLO.



1. The wa-ter is so bright and clear, Gloog, gloog, gloog, gloog, gloog; Has
2. In summer it is cool and clear, Gloog, gloog, gloog, gloog, gloog; In
3. We hear sweet mu-sic in its call, Gloog, gloog, gloog, gloog, gloog; Go

CHORUS.

SOLO.



flow'd its course for many a year, Gloog, gloog, gloog, gloog, gloog. They
 win - ter it gives hope and cheer, Gloog, gloog, gloog, gloog, gloog. It
 fill your cup and give to all, Gloog, gloog, gloog, gloog, gloog. And

CHORUS.

SOLO.



drank it e'en in Par-a-dise, Gloog, gloog, gloog, gloog, gloog, gloog; For
 gives our hearts a great-er strength, Gloog, gloog, gloog, gloog, gloog, gloog; And
 sick or well we'll all par-take, Gloog, gloog, gloog, gloog, gloog, gloog; For

CHORUS.



all our need it doth suf - fice, Gloog, gloog, gloog, gloog, gloog.
 to our lives gives great-er length, Gloog, gloog, gloog, gloog, gloog.
 bet - ter heads and hearts 'twill make, Gloog, gloog, gloog, gloog, gloog.

MORNING AWAKETH.

A. Harder.

Moderato.

1. Morn - ing a - wak - eth, dark - ness hath fled;
 2. All is no joy - ous, come forth and play;



Gor - geous the east with saf - fron and red.
 Let hap - py thoughts now drive care a - way.

- 3 Quick to the field then, no duty shun,
 Lay quite aside your games and your fun.

- 4 Or when your task's done, then hie away,
 Give happy hearts to laughter and play.

THE WATER LILY.

Popular Tune.



1. A boy went forth on a flow -'ry lea, Near the
 2. A - mong the reeds by the green shore lay A great

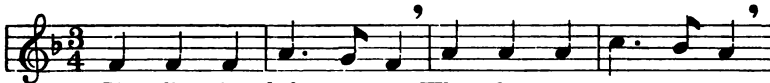


shad - y for - est and deep blue sea.
 gold - en lil - y in re - gal ar - ray.

- 3 The boy strode in with his reckless hand,
 To seize the flower and draw it to land.
 4 "Hold!" cries the mother, with warning sound,
 "Leave the treacherous reeds, or you will be drowned!"
 5 Her foolish boy heedeth not her cry,
 And answers, "Fear not, for no danger's nigh."
 6 He seized the lily, but neath the wave
 He sank down to sleep in a wat'ry grave.
 7 This sorrowful tale a truth can impart,
 Which should be implanted on each child's heart.
 8 "Dear children, honor what parents say,
 And remember well what you've seen to-day."

LIFE IN NATURE.

Popular German Melody.



1. Bir - die in loft - y tree, Whose form you scarce can see,
 2. Flow - ers on mead - ows low, Their rain - bow col - ors show,
 3. See gur - gling brook - lets flow, Where graceful grass - es grow,



Sings with - out fear; We, wan - d'ring on the hill,
 And laugh with glee. They lift their fa - ces dear,
 Down in the dale; Stoop o'er the mos - sy side,



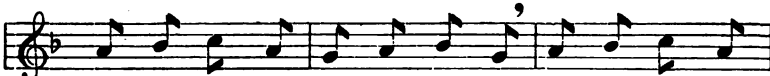
Turn now and stand quite still, His song to hear.
 And shed their per - fume near, For you and me.
 Drink while the wa - ters glide Thro' flow - 'ry vale.

LITTLE BEE, SOOM, SOOM.

Popular Tune.



1. Soom, soom, soom, Lit - tle bee, soom, soom,
 2. Soom, soom, soom, Lit - tle bee, soom, soom,
 3. Soom, soom, soom, Lit - tle bee, soom, soom,
 4. Soom, soom, soom, Lit - tle bee, soom, soom,

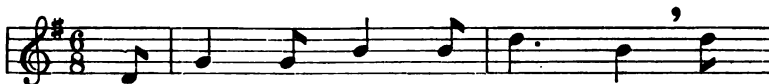


Sing thy song a - mid the clo - ver, Ere the sum - mer
 Fly a - way and seek the flow - ers, Gath - er sweet - ness
 Oft re - turn with hon - led store, Till the hive can
 Then at Christ - mas, next De - cem - ber, We shall glad - ly

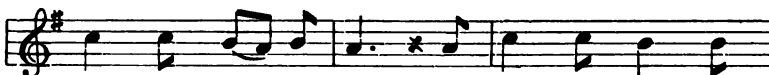


day is o - ver, Bee, soom, soom, Lit - tle bee, soom, soom.
 'mid these bow - ers, Bee, soom, soom, Lit - tle bee, soom, soom.
 hold no more, Bee, soom, soom, Lit - tle bee, soom, soom.
 thee re - mem - ber, Bee, soom, soom, Lit - tle bee, soom, soom.

THE CUCKOO.



1. The cuck - oo has been call - ing, So
 2. The cuck - oo, quaint - ly call - ing, Now
 3. The cuck - oo has been call - ing, Who



let us mer - ry be; The spring he is fore -
 sum - mons us from home. And in the bud - ding
 does not wish to hear? Tho' bright and green the



stall - ing With sweet - est mel - o - dy.
 for - est And mead - ows we may roam.
 for - est, The cuck - oo mourns, I fear.

MY PONY DICK.

Dieffenbacher.



1. Walk, my pet, my po - ny Dick,
 2. Now we take a live - ly trot;
 3. But his gal - lop is the best,



Nev - er steed with step so quick.
 "Throw me?" no in - deed, he'll not.
 On - ward speeds he with - out rest

THE LAMB.

I. F. Reichardt.

Slowly.

1. A lamb - kin, small, and white as snow, Went
2. Hop, hop, it flew o'er bush and stone With
3. The lamb - kin heard, but hopp'd a - way, Its
4. For there it saw a huge, high rock, And



- with its moth - er graz - ing; Its mirth by leap - ing
 leaps that were ap - pall - ing, "Child!" cried the moth - er,
 moth - er's words ne'er heed - ing; And on yon hill it
 o'er it thought of leap - ing, It leap'd, a - las! its



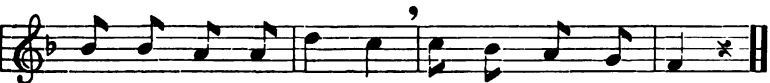
- It did show, Its skill was quite a - maz - ing.
 "child! take care! I fear some ill be - fall - ing."
 slipp'd and fell, And soon with wounds was bleed - ing.
 leg it broke, Its mirth was chang'd to weep - ing.

ON THE FLOW'RY MEADOW.

Anschutz.



1. In the flow - 'ry mead - ow, Bath'd in yel - low light,
2. On the slop - ing pas - ture, Gay my lamb - kin springs,
3. Where the cool spring well - eth, From all sor - row free,
4. Ev - er hap - py lamb - kin, Play in wood and field,

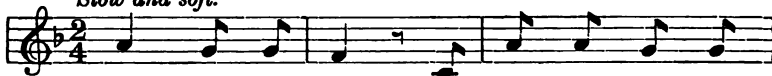


- Graz - ing goes my lamb - kin, In the sun - shine bright.
 Feels, like me, the pleas - ure Which the spring - time brings.
 There my lamb - kin dwell - eth, Sleeps there 'neath the tree.
 Where the cloud - less heav - en All its bless - ings yield

SLEEP, BABY, SLEEP.

Slow and soft.

Reichard.



1. Sleep, ba - by, sleep, Thy fa - ther tends the
 2. Sleep, ba - by, sleep, The sky is full of
 3. Sleep, ba - by, sleep, I go and tend the



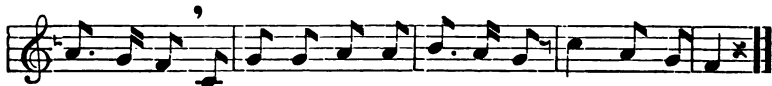
- sheep, Thy moth - er cares for lamb - kins small, Now
 sheep, Those sheep, they are the stars of night, The
 sheep, A - way, you naugh - ty dog so tall! And



- sweet dreams come to ba - bies all, Sleep, ba - by, sleep.
 shep - herd is the moon so bright, Sleep, ba - by, sleep.
 fright - en not my ba - by small, Sleep, ba - by, sleep.

2d Melody.

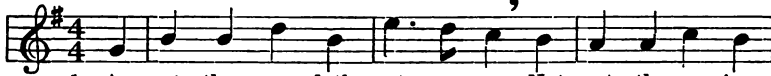
1. Sleep, ba - by, sleep, Thy father tends the sheep, Thy mother cares for
 2. Sleep, ba - by, sleep, The sky is full of sheep, Those sheep, they are the
 3. Sleep, ba - by, sleep, I go and tend the sheep, A - way, you naugh - ty



- lambkins small, Now sweet dreams come to ba - bies all, Sleep, ba - by, sleep.
 stars of night, The shepherd is the moon so bright, Sleep, ba - by, sleep.
 dog so tall! And frighten not my ba - by small, Sleep, ba - by, sleep.

MORNING SONG.

J. Gersbach.



1. As yet the sun doth not ap-pear, Not yet the morning
 2. How si - lent all the for - est seems, The birdlings twit-ter
 3. In these green fields long, long I stray, And here compose this



bells I hear A - long the gloom - y val - ley.
 in their dreams, No song the morn - ing hail - eth.
 sim - ple lay, And sing it to yon. for - est.

MORNING GREETINGS.

L. Erk.



1. Ye bird - ies all so wee, so small, O
 2. We'll praise to - day the sun's bright ray, We'll



tell me, pray, your song to - day! O tell me, pray, your
 praise to - day the sun's bright ray, And al - so praise the



song to - day, Your song to - day, your song to - day!
 night - in - gale, And al - so praise the night - in - gale.

3 ||: We praise the grove that birdlings love, :||
 ||: And flowers gay mid mosses gray. :||

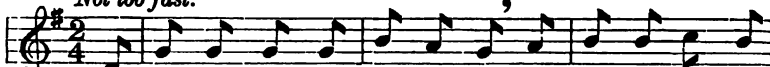
4 ||: Oh, sing to me of nights with thee, :||
 ||: And sweet repose when hearts are pure. :||

5 ||: What joys there be to birdlings wee :||
 ||: To soar for e'er through God's pure air. :||

6 ||: Hail! birdlings all! so small, so wee, :||
 ||: How sweet doth sound your lay to me! :||

O SING GOD'S PRAISE.

Karl Glauer.

Not too fast.

1. O sing God's praise in win - ter days, He is so kind and
 2. The grains with snow are man-tled o'er, And earth in white is



true; The sprouting grain and gold-en maize, He sav-eth all for you.
 dress'd; They hear not chill-ing win-ter's roar, But sink to qui-et rest.

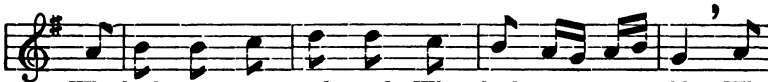
- 3 The birdlings likewise are His care,
 They have their soft, warm coats,
 Their food is scattered here and there,
 They sing in gleeful notes.
- 4 O sing God's praise through winter long,
 His care doth never cease;
 Loud praises raise in thankful song,
 With all our hearts at peace.

MORNING SONG IN WINTER.

Old Tune, 1844.

*Repeat with Chorus.**Solo.*

1. Pleasant morn-ing, ye elm trees, How look ye so cold?
 2. Be ye mer - ry, ye elm trees, Gay spring soon is here,



Why look ye so sad, and Why look ye so old, Why
 When sing all the bird - lings Their mer - ri - est cheer, When



look ye so sad, and Why look ye so old?
 sing all the bird - lings Their mer - ri - est cheer.

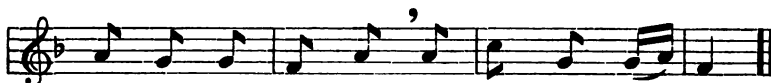
THE WINTER.

Moderato.

Popular Melody.



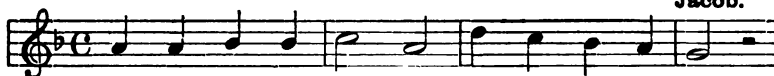
1. When win - ter has gone to the mead - ow and dell, And
2. Hie we to our homes for a dance or a song, And
3. Then blow, ye wild winds, from your mountains on high, And
4. With joys and with pas-times which on - ly home knows, What



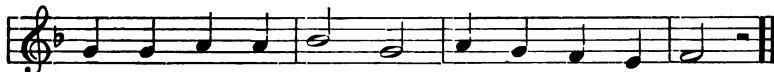
locked the sweet stream - let which we love so well,
make the dark mo - ments pass joy - ful a - long.
sweep the fierce snow through the storm - dark - ened sky.
think we, what care we, for storm winds and snows?

EVENING SONG.

Jacob.



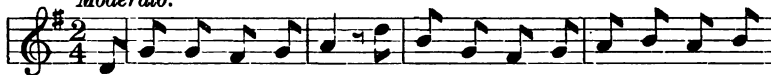
- 1 Ev-'ning now is fall-ing, O-ver wood and field,
2 Swol-len brooks are roar-ing, As they make their way,
3 Nev-er, in their roll-ing, Know they pause or rest;
4. Thus 'tis with am-bl-tion, Thus do anx-ious hearts



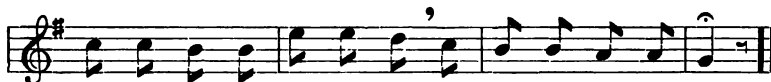
Night to rest is call - ing, Day to night doth yield.
And their floods are pour - ing Swift-ly night and day;
Ev - er they are toil - ing In their noi - sy quest.
Grieve in sore con - tri - tion, When their peace de - parts.

THE LITTLE BEE.

F. Geyer.

Moderato.

1. The lit - tle bee flies fast; It hon - ey seeks, and seeks the best, Nor



paus - es 'til the day is past, And then it sinks to rest.

2 It gathers honey sweet
Where meadow flow'rs are blooming fair;
Its wisdom sent from One on high,
The God of earth and air.

3 The flow'rs that deck the field
In garlands by the Lord prepared,
Fresh food for tiny insects yield,
By whom His love is shared.

THE LITTLE BEE SO BUSILY.

F. Greenbach.

Not too fast.

1. The lit - tle bee so bus - i - ly Doth work in sun - ny hours, And
2. So quickly flies it far and near, It seems in mer - ry mood, And



flits a - bout so hap - pi - ly To taste the sum - mer flow'rs.
for it - self and oth - ers dear Pro - vides the win - ter's food.

THE BUTTERFLY.

E. Anschütz.

Merrily.

1. But - ter - fly, so coy and shy, Here for hours I've
 2. But - ter - fly, or low or high, Thou thy bal - ance
 3. But - ter - fly, thoudid'st flit by In - to yon - der
 4. But - ter - fly, thy fate sing I. Af - ter all my



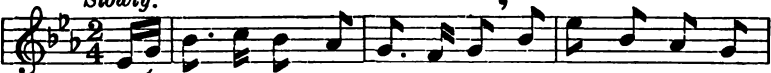
hid to snatch thee. Rob'st thou flow'rs; so I shall catch thee,
 dost re - cov - er, And o'er flow'rs and blos - soms hov - er;
 hedge of bram - ble, Lead - ing me a sor - ry scam - ble;
 run - ning, leap - ing, Fl - nal - ly I caught thee sleep - ing.



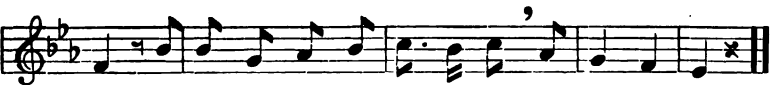
And for pun - ishment I'll give That with me thou henceforth live.
 I shall quick - ly cap - ture thee, Great will then my rap - ture be.
 So fate hangeth o - ver thee, Thou my pris - on - er must be.
 I'll no long - er thee an - noy, Fly, and freethy life en - joy.

BIRDIE WEE IN THE FOREST.

W. Greif.

Slowly.

1. There sang a joy - ful bir - die wee, In shad - ed for - est
 2. The shepherd boy, too, lin - ger'd long; His flock was left to
 3. But ev - er yet the song resounds All oth - er songs a -



grounds, The mer - ry tune - ful air to me Still sweet - ly sounds.
 stray. He sought the bird that sang that song; It flew a - way.
 above; Its mer - ry note, those shaded grounds, I'll ev - er love.

THE NAUGHTY KITTEN.



1. Who makes be-hind the wall its lair? fah - ru - rum. The



kit-ty is in ambush there, fah-ru - fah-rah. Let birds take care, let



them be-ware, The cat is there; fah - ru - fah - rah - fah - rum.

2 Oh, sparrow dear, take care, take care! fah-ru-rum.
The cat creeps near, thy flesh to tear, fah-ru-fah-rah.
Let birds take care,
Let them beware,
The cat is there; fah-ru-fah-rah-fah-rum.

3 The cat is homeward running fast, fah-ru-rum.
The sparrow she is dragging past, fah-ru-fah-rah.
That luckless bird
Ignored my word,
The die is cast; fah-ru-fah-rah-fah-rum.

4 Why did the cat this awful deed? fah-ru-rum.
Did I not warn, did I not plead? fah-ru-fah-rah.
Ah, sparrows, all,
Their young must feed,
Their young must feed; fah-ru-fah-rah-fah-rum.

THE OWL.

Zelter.



1. Tell me, owl, why thou flit - est at dead of the night? So



noise-less - ly flit - ting, a - void ing the light. Why



choose you not day - light, as hon - est folks do? Why



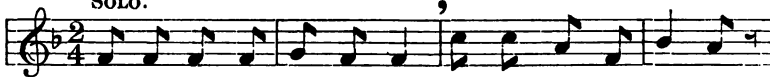
wan - der in dark - ness the dis - mal night through?

2 Like the thief, I must work in the darkness and night;
And hunt with my owlets, till morn's rosy light,
When brightness of sunshine forbids work and theft.
The thieves and the owls have no more darkness left.

ROSE AMID THE HEATHER.

Pretty lively.
SOLO.

J. F. Reichardt.



1. Once a boy a rose des-cried, Rose a - mid the heath-er,



Bloom-ing like a youth-ful bride, And to see it near he hied,

CHORUS.



Soon they are to - geth - er. Rose, ah, rose, sweet



rose so red, Rose a - mid the heath - er.

2 "I will pluck thee, rose," he cried,

"Rose amid the heather."

"I shall sting thee," rose replied,

"And I'll teach, how roses chide

Those who roses gather."

Rose, ah, rose, sweet rose so red,

Rose amid the heather.

3 From the bush it soon was torn,

Rose amid the heather,

Long resisting, tired and worn,

Sad the tale, its death we mourn,

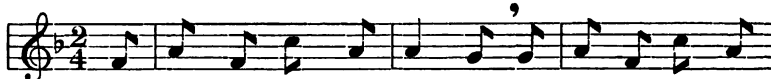
Dreary now the heather.

Rose, ah, rose, sweet rose so red,

Rose amid the heather.

IN WOODS.

I. F. Diefenbacher.



1. In leaf - y groves I'm liv - ing, In sum-mer's sul - try



heat, The cool - ing shades are giv - ing,



giv - - - ing, Their ma - ny pleas - ures sweet.

- 2 I feel their sweet consoling,
 Their silence and their rest;
 I love this hush strolling, strolling,
 Among them, as their guest.
- 3 I see the bright birds peeping
 Through sun-lit verdure there,
 And hare and squirrel leaping, leaping,
 For joy is in the air.
- 4 Thus with my love enfolding,
 The forest pure and wild,
 I never tire with holding, holding,
 Myself its favored child.

[Hofmann v. Fallersleben.]

WALK IN THE FIELD.

Slowly.

1. Let us walk in the field, Ma - ny joys Spring doth yield; All
 2. Come, then, has - ten a - way, Let us cease from our play, And

span - gled with flow - ers And buds is his shield.
 with deep con - tent - ment, Drive dull care a - way.

- 3 In the wood here profound,
 Where the sweet lays resound,
 The cuckoo will welcome,
 And joys will abound.

FORGET ME NOT.

Slowly and sweetly. *Popular Melody.*

1. There bloom'd a ti - ny flow - er Up - on our vil - lage green, Its
 eye was like the heav - en, So blue! so blue and so se - rene!

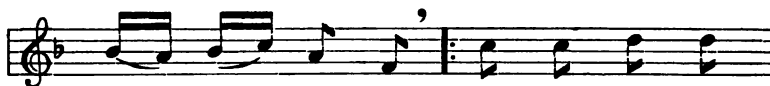
- 2 'T was humble in its glory,
 For all it spoke or thought
 Was this sweet, simple story,—
 Was this, was this, "Forget me not."
- 3 When little eyes look on me
 So blue and so serene,
 I think of that small flower
 Upon, upon our village green.
- 4 Its words,—I never speak them,
 Yet in my heart's the thought;
 So timid and so lowly
 It says, it sighs, "Forget me not."

MY FLOWER.

L. Brk.

Tenderly.

1. Pret - ty flow - er, sweet per - fum - ing All the air, yet



naught as - sum - ing, I will thee a



se - cret tell, Thou shalt in my gar - den dwell.

2 Sun, allow my flower's growing;
 Clouds, permit the water's flowing;
 Let thy head erect be held,
 Beauteous flower, by none excelled.

3 Ah! I hardly can expect it,
 Daily go I to inspect it;
 Daily ask my flower wee,
 "Flower, are you grieved with me?"

4 Sun allowed my flower's growing!
 Clouds permitted water's flowing!
 What these friends can do I see;
 Blooms my flower so graciously!

5 Now it throbs with joy and pleasure,
 Ever blooming, fairest treasure;
 Come, my friends, O come and see
 All this wondrous mystery.

MARCH SONG.

Slowly. Wendt.

1. Ere yet the spring is near, Or snow-fields

cres.

dis - ap - pear, Some bird - notes greet the day,

pp *rall.*

With joy - ful lay, With joy - ful lay.

2 Nowhere the violets blow,
 No tree its leaf can show,
 How can the birds rejoice,
 || : And find a voice? : ||

3 Warm glows the sun on high,
 Come, songster, homeward fly!
 Winter no more is drear,
 || : Spring is so near. : ||

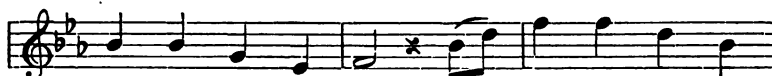
4 Come with your new-found joy,
 Your purest note employ;
 Learn, for the coming May,
 || : Your sweetest lay. : ||

THE SPRING IS COMING.

J. F. Reichard.

Moderately fast.

1. The spring at last is near at hand; The



warm south is his home; Let him with us go



thro' the land, In woods, o'er mead - ows, roam.

2 In budding groves, his hiding-place,
 He, weary, falls asleep;
 The tiny birds his wand'rings trace,
 His secret they'll not keep.

3 The blooming spring again is here,
 We'll go where he may go;
 Let mirth and joy reign far and near,
 Begone! all care and woe.

4 To all, to all, both small and tall,
 He has a present brought;
 And were it but a nosegay small,
 It shows we're not forgot.

3 Then let a merry, joyous throng,
 Through all the wide land roam;
 The world now sings its spring-tide song,
 Who, then, would stay at home?

THE MAY IS COMING.

Siegfried Schmidt.



1. The trees their buds are show - ing, Sweet



May is com - ing North, Thro'twigs the sap is



flow - ing, And flow - ers now come forth.

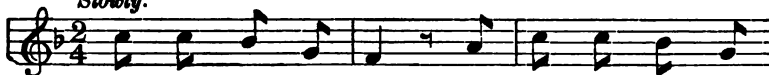
2 I'll take my staff and wander
 Thy beauties fair to see,
 And joyous walk and ponder
 Where'er the way may be.

3 Let warblers soar above me
 With loud and merry song,
 And twitter forth, "I love thee,"
 In chorus, all day long.

SLEEP, MY CHILD.

Slowly.

Popular Tune.



1. Sleep, my child, O sleep! While slow - ly sun - beams



creep; Come in, O sun - shine bright and mild, But



do not wake my dar - ling child. Sleep, my child, O sleep!

2 Sleep, my child, O sleep!
 Through window's light he'll peep,
 Then softly he will say to me
 How sweetly sleeps the baby wee.
 Sleep, my child, O sleep!

3 Sleep, my child, O sleep!
 The sunbeams softly creep;
 So peaceful close thine eyelids fast
 When my wee darling sleeps at last.
 Sleep, my child, O sleep!

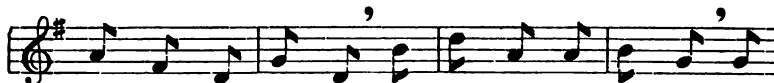
IN MAY.

Bright and lively.

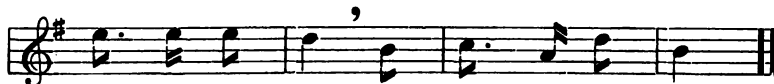
L. Erk.



1. In beau-teous ar-ray We're danc-ing to-day, For



bless-ings of flow-ers Our May on us show-ers. In



beau-teous ar-ray We're danc-ing to-day.

2 Then dance we to-day.
 Three cheers for our May!
 The loud bells are ringing,
 The birdlings are singing.
 In beauteous array,
 We're dancing to-day.

3 In vernal array,
 How fair is our May!
 Returning from roaming
 The pigeons are homing.
 All fair is our May
 In vernal array.

VIOLETS.

*Not too fast.
Softly.**dim.*

H. G. Nagell.



1. Vio-let, why re-pin-ning? Why so low in-



clin-ing In the moss and grass? Joy to me thou giv - est,



Tell, then, why thou liv - est Joy-less, pleasure - less?

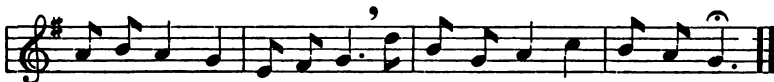
2 Leave me, low reclining,
For the music pining,
Of yon nightingale.
By her song she holds me,
With her love enfolds me
In my shady vale.

THE SEA.

L. Erk, 1855.



1. The sea is deep, the sea is wide, Yet God the Lord's vast boundless pow'r Still



deep-er is than ocean's tide, And holds His world, from hour to hour.

2 In ocean's bays are fishes seen;
The Lord their kindest friend has been;
'Tis He alone that brings them food,
And lets them play in merry mood.

3 Tho' high as heaven the waves may surge,
At His command their floods they merge;
Then guides His wise and careful hand
The ship to port, in distant land.

THE LAND OF STORY BOOKS.

Words by R. L. Stevenson.

In E \flat or D.

1. At eve - ning when the lamp is lit, A -

- round the fire my par - ents sit, They sit at

cen - - - do. dim - - - in - - - uendo.

home and talk and sing, And do not play at a - ny - thing.

The musical score is written on three staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a common time signature (C), and a piano (p) dynamic marking. It contains the melody for the first line of the song. The second staff continues the melody and includes a crescendo (cres) marking. The third staff continues the melody and includes a decrescendo (dim) marking and a piano (p) dynamic marking. The lyrics are written below the staves, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across multiple notes.

- 2 Now, with my little gun, I crawl
All in the dark along the wall,
And follow round the forest track
Away behind the sofa back.
- 3 There, in the night, where none can spy,
All in my hunter's camp I lie,
And play at books that I have read
Till it is time to go to bed.
- 4 These are the hills, these are the woods,
These are my starry solitudes;
And there the river by whose brink
The roaring lions come and drink.

5 I see the others far away
 As if in firelit camp they lay,
 And I, like to an Indian scout
 Around their party prowled about.

6 So, when my nurse comes in for me,
 Home I return across the sea,
 And go to bed with backward looks
 At my dear land of story books.

EVERY YEAR AGAIN.

O. H. Rink.



2 Comes with tender greeting,
 Drives away distress;
 We, our cares retreating,
 Dwell in happiness.

3 He is e'er beside us,
 Silent and unknown;
 Faithful does He guide us,
 Him I'll ever own.

THE BROOKLET.

Not too fast. L. Erk.

1. Why run a - way, O brook so gay, On
 through the flow - 'ry field? O stay, O stay, with
 me to play, O to my pray - er yield.

2 The brook doth say :
 " 'Tis not my way,
 For that I have no time ;
 With work I'm pressed,
 And dare not rest,
 'T would be, indeed, a crime.

4 " The lambs so small
 Wait for me, all ;
 Athirst they cry for me.
 I quickly bring,
 From purling spring,
 The water pure with me.

3 " My task then learn :
 I 've wheels to turn
 In yonder far off vale ;
 To quench the thirst—
 My duty first—
 Of flowers in the dale.

5 " Farewell then, dear,
 With zeal and cheer,
 My tasks call me away ;
 In ocean blue
 I've much to do ;
 I must no longer stay."

EVENING BELLS.

May be sung in F or E-flat. German.

1. See how the shadows are length'ning, Dark'ning the greenwood a -



round; Chimes of clear bells now are strength'ning, Listen, how sweetly they sound.



Mourn-ful or joy-ful, your ring-ing is sweet, Mournful or joy-ful, your



ring - ing is sweet; We, by thy sing - ing, are



blest, Ring us for - ev - er to rest.

2 List to the kine, softly lowing,
Mildly the cool zephyrs blow;
Over all darkness is flowing,
Homeward, ye weary ones, go.
CHO. — Mournful or joyful, etc.

3 Here, with great trees all surrounding,
Rest I in evening's pale light;
Rest, while with starlight abounding,
Cometh the cool, soothing night.
CHO. — Mournful or joyful, etc.

THE YOUNG MOUNTAINEER.

Quiet and happily.

Karl Groos, 1877.

mf

1. A moun-tain shep-herd boy am I, Be - neath my feet the
cas-tles lie, The sun's bright beams I'm first to see, And long-est
do they stay with me. A moun - tain shep - herd am I.

f

2 Here has the rapid stream its birth,
I drink it as it springs from earth;
Here gushing from its rocky bed,
I catch it with my hands outspread.
"I am the mountaineer boy."

3 To me belongs the mountain high;
Around me tempests ever fly,
And howl from north to south along,
But o'er them rings my cheerful song:
"I am the mountaineer boy."

4 While thunders roll and lightnings glance,
I stand beneath the dark expanse;
I know them well, I bid them cease
And leave my father's house in peace.
"I am the mountaineer boy."

5 And when the tocsin calls to arms,
When mountain fires spread wild alarms,
Then I descend and join the throng,
And wield my sword and sing my song:
"I am the mountaineer boy."

CANONS.

1. 2.

On the lines and spa - ces here, up and down, the notes ap - pear.

1. 2.

He nev - er will win it who does not be -

3.

gin it, but loi - ters and talks.

1. 2. 3.

A joy - ful mood, Dis - posed to laugh. All

4.

grief and sor - row fly like chaff.

1. 2. 3.

That your sing - ing may be ring - ing, Chil-dren, now do

4.

have a care, Of the meas - ures be a - ware.

CANONS.

1. 2. 3. 4.



Let us this day joy-ful be, Cares may come to - mor-row;
Tho' life's win-ter we may see, Trou-ble we'll not bor-row.

1. 2. 3.



He who work-eth hard all day, Need-eth rest at
close of day, Need-eth rest at close of day.

1. 2. 3. 4.



Beau - ti - ful flow - ers spring af - ter show - ers,
Let not the mor - row bring care and sor - row.

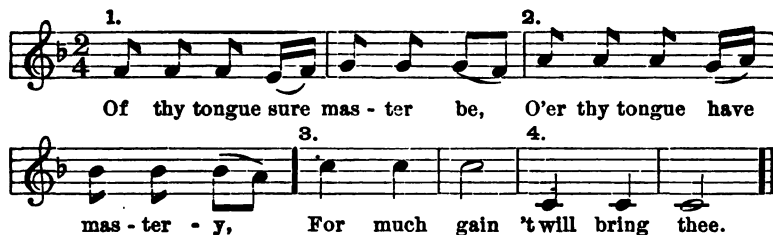
1. 2. 3.



Soft and rest - ful is our sing - ing, When good
night the bells are ring - ing, Ding, dong, ding, dong.

CANONS.

1. 2.



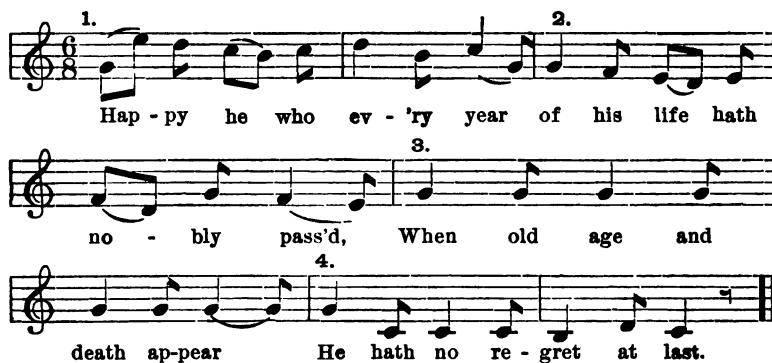
Of thy tongue sure mas - ter be, O'er thy tongue have
mas - ter - y, For much gain 'twill bring thee.

1. 2.



Sleep - er, sleep - er, sleep - ing - ev - er at thy rest
in thy nest, Hear'st thou not the bell ring?
Hear'st thou not the bell ring? Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding.

1. 2.



Hap - py he who ev - 'ry year of his life hath
no - bly pass'd, When old age and
death ap-pear He hath no re - gret at last.

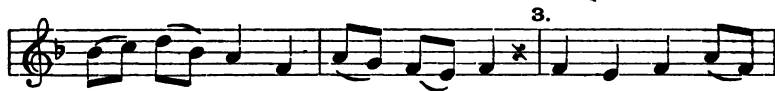
CANONS.



Poor and hum - ble tho' my dwell - ing, 'T is the home of



joy - ful - ness, Where from ev - 'ry heart is well - ing



Love that brings true peace - ful - ness, And a deep con -



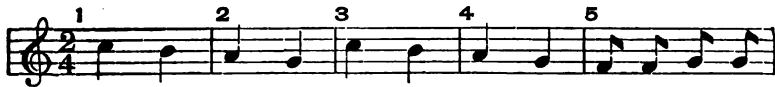
tent - ed - ness, And a deep con - tent - ed - ness.



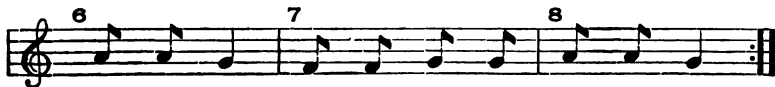
To all those who've done their best Comes, at night, de -



serv - ed rest; Work is o - ver! Work is o - ver!



While in thick - ets sing the crick - ets, Sing the larks a



hap - py lay; All a - wake at break of day.

TWO PART EXERCISES.



TWO PART EXERCISES.



TWO PART EXERCISES.



GOD KNOWS.



1. { Do you know how ma - ny stars bright, Shine in
Do you know how ma - ny clouds light, Sail far



heav - ens az - ure dome? } God, the Lord, hath num - ber'd
o'er our earth - ly home? }



all them, And by name can quick - ly call them, In His



great wide fir - ma - ment, In His great wide fir - ma - ment.

2 Do you know how many flies small,
Play in these warm rays of sun?
And how many little fish all,
Swim where limpid waters run?
God, the Lord, called each by name then,
When into this world they came, when
All the world came from His hand,
All the world came from His hand.

SPRING SONG.

J. B. Spies.



1. Go forth in - to the shad - y grove, Where
 2. 'Tis there the won - drous night - in - gale, While



song-birds chant their lay, || : And see them as; they
 man and na - ture sleeps, || : His match - less song pours



free - ly rove, Thro' all the sum - mer day. : ||
 down the dale, And charm - ing vig - il keeps. : ||

WINTER PLEASURE.

Or in B-flat.

Gläser.



1. Whence come the snow - flakes ev - 'ry - where, So



fra - gile, thin, and light, Like count-less feath - ers



in the air? They're Win - ter's her - alds, white.

- 2 Then quickly take the sleigh in hand
And joyful ride away;
For winter is, in every land,
The season of the sleigh.
- 3 The thick snow keeps the garden warm,
And festoons every tree,
We build the snow man's big white form
Much taller than are we.
- 4 Then welcome winter's wondrous time,
With flowers on the pane,
With Christmas joys—O day sublime—
And gay Kriss Kringle's reign.

SANTA CLAUS.

Popular Tune.



1. San - ta Claus to - mor-row comes, What a day of pleas-ure!



Bring - ing ma - ny fifes and drums, Flags and swords e -



nough and more, To e - quip an arm - y corps; And gives us this treasure.

- 2 Bring me, O Santa dear,
Bring me without warning,
A big, bearded grenadier,
Shaggy bears and wolf and deer,
Horse and donkey, sheep and steer,
Early in the morning.
- 3 But I leave the choice to you,
My own wish not stating.
Dick, Mamma, Papa, and Loo,
And my cousins, Bob and Sue,
And the dear old grandpa, too,
Anxiously are waiting.

SPRING'S ARRIVAL.



1. All the bird-les now are here, Joy - ful - ly they're sing - ing,



Sweetly car - ol - ing their lays, With such charming, graceful ways;



Spring is com - ing in these days, All the groves are ring - ing.

2 See how gay the warblers are,
As they now assemble;
Thrush and robin, kingbird proud,
All the joyous feathered crowd,
In full choral anthem loud
Set the woods a-tremble.

3 Hear the song they sing to us
And in mind be keeping,
Let us all right merry be,
Happy as each birdie wee,
Here and there, on hill and lea,
Singing, dancing, leaping.

THE MESSAGE OF SPRING.

Moderately.

1. Cuck - oo, cuck - oo sings in the glen,



Let us be sing - ing, Loud voi - ces



ring - ing, Spring, gay spring, has come a - gain.

2 Cuckoo, cuckoo stops not his song;
Come to the thicket,
Home of the cricket,
Spring, gay spring, do come along.

3 Cuckoo, cuckoo, here now be gay;
What did you sing us?
Spring you did bring us.
Winter, winter drive away.

THE HUNTER FROM KENTUCK.

Lively.

Popular Tune.



1. The hunt - er from Ken - tuck, He rid - eth thro' the



for - est green; And drops a lord - ly buck. No bet - ter e'er was



seen. Yoo! Yah! Yoo! He feels no touch of wea - ri - ness, O'er



heath and rock and dale, He car - ries old Brown Bess.

2 The hunter from Kentuck,
He creepeth through the reeds so thick,
And shooteth all the duck,
With aim both sure and quick.
Yoo! Yah! Yoo!

3 O saddle me my steed,
I'll try and test my own good luck!
O westward we'll proceed,
Like hunters from Kentuck!
Yoo! Yah! Yoo!

HOLY NIGHT.

J. K. Aiblinger.

Moderately and tender.

2 Holy night, holy night,
 Shepherds see star so bright;
 To the manger bed draw near,
 Christ, the Saviour, now is here.
 Sleep in, etc.

3 Holy night, holy night,
 God's own Son, glory's light;
 Love doth smile in features dear,
 Now the great Redeemer's here.
 Sleep in, etc.

ON HORSE BACK.



1. Hop! Hop! Run! Po - ny, O what fun!



O - ver rocks and o - ver stones, On - ly do not



break your bones. Trot! trot! trot! trot! Run! Po - ny, thou must run.

2 Hey! Hey! Hey!
On! Go on! I say.
I shall make you go on faster,
Yes, because I am your master!
Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey!
On! go on! I say!

3 Trot! Trot! Trot!
Throw, O throw me not!
O'er the hills we're swiftly springing,
Homeward now our way we're winging
Trot! Trot! Trot! Trot! Trot!
Throw, O throw me not!

LONGING FOR SPRING.



1. Oh, how cold the clouds are grow - ing! And how



drear the sky all o'er; From the north chill winds are



blow - ing, And the sun shines out no more.

2 To some mountain would I wander,
And survey the blooming vale;
Thoughts of flowery meads I'd ponder,
When the sunlight floods the dale.

3 To the shepherd's lute I'd listen,
As it echoes far and long,
Where the summer brooklets glisten,
And the birds pour forth their song.

EVENING SONG OF THE FLOWERS.

Or in D.

Laur.



1. De - scend, O night, en - fold us With -



in thy ten - der arms; When thou dost gen - tly



hold us, We fear no wild a - larms.

2 The flowers lift up their faces,
To wish the sun "good bye";
The parting leaves its traces
Where dewdrops glistening lie.

3 The mellow tints of sunset
Spread over land and bay,
To sky the glancing streamlet
Gives back the parting ray.

4 The shadows o'er us hover,
And rest, in misty maze;
With night bird to his lover,
We sing our song of praise.

KITTY AND THE SPARROW.

H. Methfessel.



1. Kit - ty search'd the grass and trees, Fain would there a spar - row seize;



Bird-ies are so sweet and nice! Far, far bet - ter than gray mice.

2 But when kitty drew too near,
Mistress sparrow fled with fear;
Flew so quickly and so high,
That the cat could not come nigh.

3 Would that wings were given to me,
Thought the kitty — but e'er she
Did return into the house.
Far away had fled the mouse.

CHRIST, THE HOLY ONE.

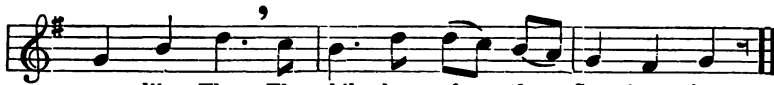
G. Siegert.



1. O Christ, be - lov - ed, ho - ly One, Of this dark world the



glo - rious sun, We would be white and



pure like Thee, The chil - dren of the Sav - iour be.

- 2 O light, bestow'd by God's own hand,
To shine through all creation grand,
Thou heavenly child and heavenly ray,
Lead us, and light our path, we pray.
- 3 Most blessed One, delay not long
To make my heart both pure and strong;
Bathed in Thy spirit's heavenly spring,
O let me e'er Thy praises sing.

THE STILL, SMALL VOICE.

Bradley Gilman.



1. There is a moth - er's voice of love, To



hush her lit - tle child; There is a fa - ther's voice of praise, So



ear - nest and so mild; So ear - nest and so mild.

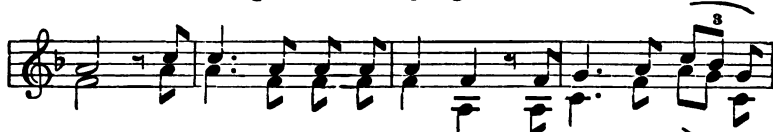
- 2 But there is yet another voice
That speaks in gentlest tone;
I think that we can hear it best
When we are quite alone.
- 3 It is a still, small, holy voice,
The voice of God most High,
That whispers always in our heart,
And says that He is nigh.

THE LINDEN TREE.

F. Schubert.



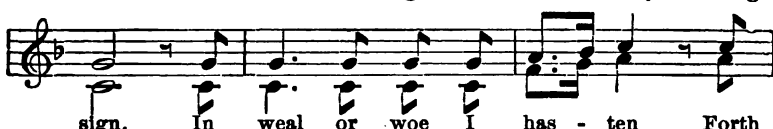
1. Be - side the gate and well-spring, There stands a lin - den



high, And 'neath its spreading branches What hap - py dreams dream'd



I! Its hard, true bark I've gra - ven With ma - ny a lov - ing



sign. In weal or woe I has - ten Forth



to that lin - den mine, Forth to that lin - den mine.

2 Oft thither did I wander

When gloomy night was nigh,

In quiet restful darkness

To close my eyes and sigh.

I heard its branches rustle

As though they sang to me,

"Lie down, my dearest comrade,

||: Sweet rest I'll give to thee.:||

3 Hark! hear the strong winds
blowing,

Across the linden high!

Are fleecy clouds still flowing

Along the distant sky?

Ah! still that friendly linden,

Though far away from me,

Sends to my heart the rustle,

||: "Sweet rest I'll give to thee." :||

THE STARLETS.



1. God's own starlets, twinkle brightly, In yon depths of az-ure sea, Ev-er
2. Watchful starlets, twinkle nightly, From the depths of az-ure sea, While the



wondering wait I night-ly, For thy dear good-night to me.
 zeph - yrs fan me light-ly, Twin-kle they good-night to me.

THE CHAPEL.



1. Yonder stands the chapel lonely, High a-bove the flow'ry dell; Far be -
2. Slowly now the bell is peal-ing, Sa-cred stillness fills the air; Muffled
3. Peaceful on the hillside sleeping, Those who once lived in the vale; Shepherd



low in ver-dant val-ley Sings the shep-herd "All is well."
 tones, re-plete with feel-ing, Tell of sad-fac'd mourners there.
 boy, so strong and rud-dy, Yon bell, too, will thee be-wall.

FLOWERS, PEACE, AND REST.

J. A. Miller.

Sweetly.

1. Zeph - yrs warm and pleasing, Car - ry peace and cheer,



With a joy un - ceas - ing To my flow - ers here.

- 2 Send again thy blessing,
Pale moon, down to all,
Tenderly caressing,
Slender moonbeams fall.
- 3 Nightingale, thy measures
Fill the world with joy;
Adding to earth's pleasures,
Thus thy time employ.
- 4 Sing, O nightingale dear,
Sing thy choicest note;
Sing good-night to all here
With thy tuneful throat.

FROM OCEAN'S FLOOD.

Laur.



1. From o - cean's flood, like sword of fire, Up



darts the sun's bright ray; The baf - fled mists, in



haste re - tire, and, noise-less, steal a - way.

2 The lark now spreads her bouyant wings,
Untouched by earthly care;
As her Creator's praise she sings,
Sweet music fills the air.

3 Her sacred joy she chants on high,
In air that angels breathe;
O bear my song with thee along,
And to the stars bequeath.

THE EVENING STAR.

H. Hoffman von Fallersleben.



1. Thou love - ly star, Bright shining so far, I ev - er will



love thee, I ev - er will love thee, Thou bright eve - ning star.

2 I love, adore;
From out my heart's core,
|| : Thy bright eye is drawing: ||
My love evermore.

3 When thou art near
No harm I fear;
|| : Thine eye brightly beaming: ||
To me is so dear.

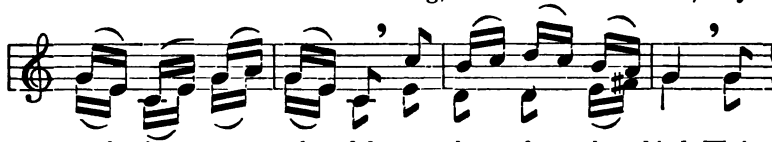
4 Dost beckon me
From heaven's blue sea?
|| : Thy loving ray sending: ||
O draw me to thee.

ON THE WATER.

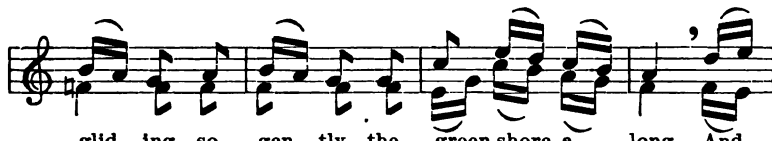
Slither.



1. The wa - ters are murm'ring, for fresh blows the wind; They're



push - ing, so play - ful, our boat from be - hind; We're



glid - ing so gen - tly the green shore a - long, And



dip - ping the oars in time to our song.

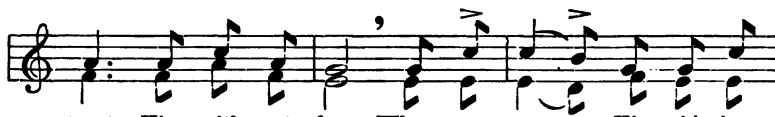
- 2 The sky is serene and the water is clear,
The lambs there are eating and showing no fear;
The warblers to greet us from tree tops fly low,
Where bright, fragrant flowers in myriads blow.
- 3 We'll follow the river, so restless and gay,
And shimmering wavelets shall beckon the way;
While morning is beaming with sweet, rosy light,
We'll sing to thee, Future, forgetting the night.
- 4 Ah, morning, ah, youth, ye flit swiftly along,
Like forms in my dream, or the notes of this song;
Or flowers' sweet perfume, which lives but a day,
Then passes in silence and sadness away.
- 5 But when the shades lengthen and near comes the night,
And moon adds her radiance to stars' paler light,
Again we will row to the home we love best,
And land in the haven that lulls us to rest.

PRAISE THE LORD.

T. Zollner.



1. Praise the Lord! His might a - dor - ing, We may



trust Him, with - out fear. When we pray, His aid im -



plor - ing, He, from heav'n, bends down to hear.

2 Praise the Lord! His word believing,
New each morn and fresh each night,
Thankfully His gifts receiving,
Find our darkness turned to light.

3 Praise the Lord! His rains of blessing
Fall alike on good and ill;
Let us all, His care confessing,
Freely, gladly, do His will.

4 Praise the Lord! e'en while we're weeping,
We are seen by His kind eye;
Ever watch o'er us He's keeping,
Faithful is our Lord on high.

5 Praise the Lord! Though tears be falling
On the weary pilgrim's path,
Though the cloud's oerhang, appalling,
Ours a God of love, not wrath.

THE CHIMES.

Moderately slow. L. Erk.

1. O bells' sweet chime, how love I thee, How soundest thou so

pp

sol - emn - ly, How sound - est thou so sol - emn - ly.

The musical notation is for a song in 3/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It consists of two staves. The first staff begins with the tempo marking 'Moderately slow.' and the composer 'L. Erk.'. The melody is written on a treble clef staff, and the accompaniment is on a bass clef staff. The lyrics '1. O bells' sweet chime, how love I thee, How soundest thou so' are written below the first staff. The second staff begins with a piano marking 'pp' and continues the melody and accompaniment with the lyrics 'sol - emn - ly, How sound - est thou so sol - emn - ly.' The piece ends with a double bar line.

- 2 O bells' sweet chime, O purest chord,
|| : Thou bidst me pray to our dear Lord. : ||
- 3 Thou callest all from everywhere.
|| : To thee I gladly will repair. : ||
- 4 God heareth when in chambers small,
|| : I on His name sincerely call. : ||
- 5 To heav'n uprings the bells' sweet chord,
|| : And plous hymns to praise the Lord. : ||
- 6 O ring afar and ring out long
|| : Through all the world, O bells' sweet song. : ||

BIRDIE'S FAREWELL.

L. Bühner.

1. Now let me fly a-way, On pin - ion light and gay,
2. Here still are for - ests green With flow - 'ry fields be - tween,

The musical notation is for a song in 2/4 time with a key signature of two flats (Bb and Eb). It consists of a single staff with a treble clef. The melody is written on the staff, and the lyrics are written below it. The piece begins with a key signature change from one flat to two flats. The lyrics are '1. Now let me fly a-way, On pin - ion light and gay, 2. Here still are for - ests green With flow - 'ry fields be - tween,'. The piece ends with a double bar line.



A - cross the dis - tant bay, O'er the blue sea.
And 'midst their glo - ries seen My tree - top home.



Lift up your eyes on high, Hear bir-die's sweet good bye,
My song I sing no more, I have no win - ter's store,



Stay not, be your re - ply, Come back to me.
I know a dis - tant shore, Thith - er I roam.

THE LITTLE BEE.

Mendelssohn.



1. The lit - tle bee so bus - i - ly Doth work in sun - ny hours, And
2. So quick - ly flies it far and near And all in mer - ry mood, And



flits a - bout so hap - pi - ly To taste of sum - mer flow'rs.
for it - self and oth - ers dear Pro - vides the win - ter's food.

ON THE HILL-TOP.

J. Gersbach.

Slowly, not too slow.

1. On a love - ly hill - top sit - ting, I have



watch'd the birds at play, Joy - ful hop - ping, swift - ly



flit - ting, Round their nest all day.

2 In a garden lovely, standing,
 I have watched the busy bee;
 All my heart her toil commanding,
 And her song to me.

3 On a lovely meadow walking,
 I have watched the lambs at play;
 O'er the verdure they were stalking,
 All the live-long day.

4 Thus to-day I walk and wander,
 Up and down the fruitful land,
 On God's goodness long I ponder,
 Holding all in His right hand.

MORNING SONG.

H. Hoffman van Fallersleben.

Josef Gersbach.

Very slow.

1. Lo! now the stars are pal - ing, And



dim their gold - en sheen; The dusk - y night is



fall - ing, And day - break comes se - rene.

2 While deep the calm is clinging
 O'er mountain, hill, and vale,
 On dewy spray is singing
 The faithful nightingale.

3 She lifts her voice in praises
 To Him who dwells above,
 And as her song she raises,
 It tells of hope and love.

4 See how the night is driven
 Before the morning bright,
 When He His smile has given
 To fill the world with light!

THE MILL.

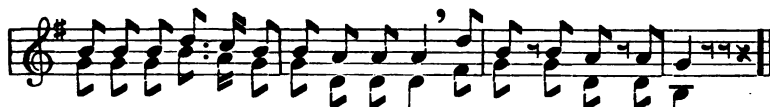
E. Anshütz.



1. { The mill-wheel is rat-tling In swift whirling race, Clip! clap! }
 And hap-py the mil-ler, with flour on his face, Clip! clap! }



It grind-eth the wheat In-to snow-y white flour, And



while we have this, We rejoice evermore. Clip! clap! clip! clap! clip! clap!

- 2 The wheels now are speeding,
 How swiftly they run, clip! clap!
 A few turns it's needing,
 And the flour is soon done; clip! clap!
 And with it the baker makes muffin and cake,
 The things to which children are ever awake.
 Clip! clap! etc.

- 3 When favoring seasons
 A good harvest give, clip! clap!
 For these very reasons
 The miller doth live; clip! clap!
 If ever kind heaven will thus send us bread,
 Then we are secure, without famine to dread.
 Clip! clap! etc.

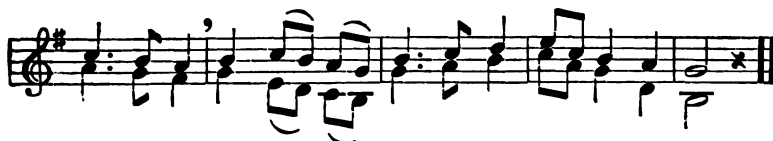
MY COUNTRY.



1. My coun-try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib-er-ty,



Of thee I sing: Land where my fa-thers died, Land of the



pilgrim's pride, From ev-ry moun-tain side, Let free-dom ring.

2 My native country! thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love:
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,—
The sound prolong.

4 Our father's God! to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King!

OUR OWN FREE LAND.

L. Washter.
Solo.

Laur.



1. Know ye the land so wond'rous fair, Where graceful elms majestic



rise? The land where, in the az - ure air, Grow

CHORUS.



lus-cious fruits of par - a - dise? That bless - ed land is



our own land, Is our, is our be - lov - ed na - tive - land.

2 Know you that land where all are free
 And equal rights protect each man,
 From east to west and sea to sea,
 And on free speech there is no ban?
 CHO. That blessed, etc.

3 Know ye the land where Learning's page
 Is opened to the growing mind,
 With freedom too, for youth and age
 To worship God, so good and kind?
 CHO. That blessed, etc.

4 We hail thee, land, so strong and grand,
 Before all others on the earth;
 Where kings may rule not, nor command,
 And every soul is free, from birth.
 CHO. That blessed, etc.

OUR NATIVE LAND.

Or in B-flat.

Majestically.

G. Chr. Ansbach.



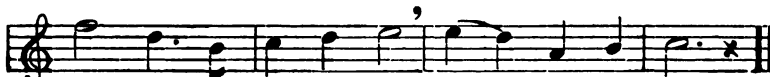
1. Hail thou, my na - tive land, Thrice hail! whose



God did stand firm - ly with thee! In all the



bound - less world Thy flag shall be un - furled;



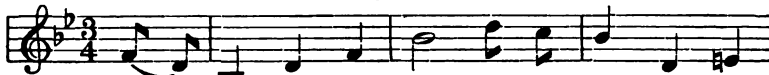
Land of the free and bold Thou gav'st to me.

2 O God, with father's care,
 Protect a land so rare,
 Thou art our shield!
 Peace shall this land adorn;
 Here freemen shall be born,
 Who cruel tyrants scorn,
 And ne'er will yield.

3 Stay, freedom, and abide
 With us, whate'er betide,
 In this thy land.
 Here, where our fathers fought!
 Here, where our foes were taught
 What freemen brave have wrought—
 Give thy strong hand.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

With an additional verse (5th) by Dr. O. W. Holmes.



1. O say, can you see, by the dawn's ear - ly
2. On shore, dim - ly seen thro' the mist of the
3. And where is that band, who so vaunt - ing - ly



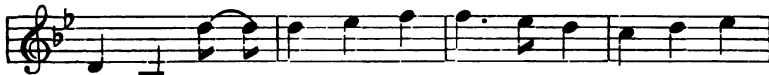
light, What so proud - ly we hail'd at the twi-light's last
deep, Where the foe's haugh-ty host in dread si - lence re -
swore, 'Mid the hav - oc of war and the bat - tle's con -



gleam-ing, Whose stripes and bright stars, thro' the per - il - ous
pos - es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the tow - er - ing
fu - sion, A home and a coun-try they'd leave us no



fight, O'er the ram-parts we watch'd, were so gal - lant - ly
steep, As it fit - ful - ly blows, half con - ceals, half dis -
more? Their blood has wash'd out their foul foot-step's po -



stream-ing? And the rock - et's red glare, the bombs bursting in
clos - es? Now it catch - es the gleam of the morn-ing's first
lu - tion; No ref - uge could save the hire-ling and



air, Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there!
 beam, In full glo - ry re - flect-ed, now shines in the stream.
 slave From the ter - ror of flight or the gloom of the grave,

CHORUS.



1. O say, does that star-span-gled ban - ner yet
2. 'Tis the star-span-gled ban - ner, oh! long may it
3. And the star-span-gled ban - ner, in tri - umph shall



wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

- 4 Oh! thus be it ever when freemen shall stand

Between their lov'd home and the war's desolation,
 Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land,
 Praise the Pow'r that hath made and preserved us a nation.
 Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
 And this be our motto, "In God is our trust,"

CHO. And the star-spangled, etc.

- 5 When our land is illum'd with liberty's smile,

If a foe from within strike a blow at her glory,
 Down, down with the traitor, that dares to defile
 The flag of her stars and the page of her story!
 By the millions unchain'd who our birth-right have gain'd,
 We will keep her bright blazon forever unstain'd!

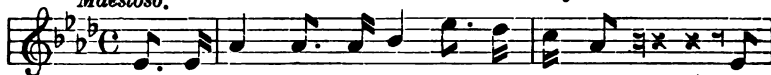
CHO. And the star-spangled, etc.

COLUMBIA, THE GEM OF THE OCEAN.

or, The Red, White, and Blue.

Maestoso.

Words and Music by David T. Shaw.



1. O Co - lum - bia! the gem of the o - cean, The
 2. When the war winged its wide des - o - la - tion, And
 3. Now the bright star - ry ban - ner bring hith-er, Tho'



home of the brave and the free, The
 threat-ened the land to de - form, The
 storm-cloud be nev - er so grim, May the



shrine of each pa - triot's de - vo - tion, A
 ark then of free - dom's foun - da - tion, Co -
 wreaths it has won nev - er with - er, Nor the



world of - fers hom - age to thee. Thy
 lum - bia rode safe thro' the storm; With
 stars of its glo - ry grow dim! May the



man - dates mak3 he - roes as - sem - ble, When
 gar - lands of vic - to - ry round her, So
 ser - vice u - nit - ed ne'er sev - er, But



Lib - er - ty's form stands in view, Thy
 proud - ly she bore her brave crew, With her
 each to his col - ors prove true! The

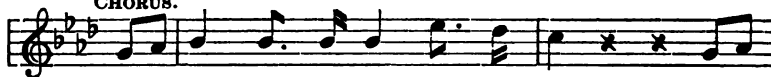


ban - ners make tyr - an - ny trem - ble, When
 flag proud - ly float - ing be - fore her, — The
 Ar - my and Na - vy for - ev - er, Three



borne by the red, white, and blue.
 beau - ti - ful red, white, and blue.
 cheers for the red, white, and blue.

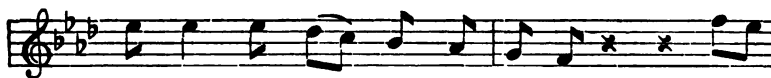
CHORUS.



When borne by the red, white, and blue. When



borne by the red, white, and blue, Thy



ban - ners make tyr - an - ny trem - ble, When



borne by the red, white and blue.

BABY THANKFUL.

Adelaide Cooke.

Kindergarten.

Heartily.

1. Roaming in the meadow, Lit-tle four year old Picks the star-ry



dais-ies, With their hearts of gold. Fills her snow-y a - pron;



Fills her dimpled hands; Suddenly, how quiet In the grass she stands.

2 Dropping all her blossoms,
 With uplifted head,
 Fervent face turned skyward—
 “Fank you, God,” she said.
 Then, as if explaining,
 Though no word I spake—
 “Always must say, ‘Fank you,’
 For the fings I take.”

3 O, my little preacher,
 Clad in robes of praise,
 Would we all might copy
 Baby Thankful's ways.
 Time to fret and murmur,
 We could never make,
 Should we first say, “Thank you,”
 For the things we take.

LITTLE DROPS OF WATER.

Brewer.

Kindergarten,

Simple and artless.

1. Lit - tle drops of wa - ter, Lit - tle grains of sand,

The musical score for the first system is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It features a vocal melody on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on grand staves. The piano part consists of a continuous eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a simpler eighth-note pattern in the left hand. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

Make the mighty o - cean And the pleasantland.

The second system continues the musical score. It includes a vocal staff and piano accompaniment. The piano part features a more complex eighth-note pattern in the right hand, marked with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

2 And the little minutes,
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
Of eternity.

3 Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden,
Like the heaven above.

THE LITTLE BIRDS.

Phoebe Cary.

Affectionately.

1. I love to see the lit - tle birds, When in the fields I
 2. The lit - tle birds are ver - y good; As kind as they can

rove, And hear them sing their merry songs, When sitting in the grove.
 be: They of-ten come when I am sad, And sweet-ly sing to me.

8 And when I hear their happy songs,
 My sorrow flies away;
 I wish I had a little bird
 To sing to me all day.

4 Though I am but a little child,
 Quite young and very small,
 I love the happy, merry birds;
 Ah, yes, I love them all.

RAIN DROPS.

Phoebe Cary.

Folksong.

Lightly and daintily.

1. Plump lit - tle Ba - by clouds, Dim - pled and soft,
 2. Tired lit - tle Ba - by clouds Dreaming of fears,

Rock in the air cra-dles Swing-ing a - loft.
 Turn in their air cra-dles Drop-ping soft tears.

Great, snow - y Moth - er clouds, Broad bos - oms white, .
Great, brood-ing Moth - er clouds, Watch-ing o'er all, . .

Watch o'er the Ba - by clouds Slum - ber - ing light.
Let their warm moth - er tears Ten - der - ly fall

THE SWING.

Robert Louis Stevenson, 1850—1894.

Slowly, not too fast.

1. How do you like to go up in a swing,

Up in the air . so blue? Oh, I do think it the

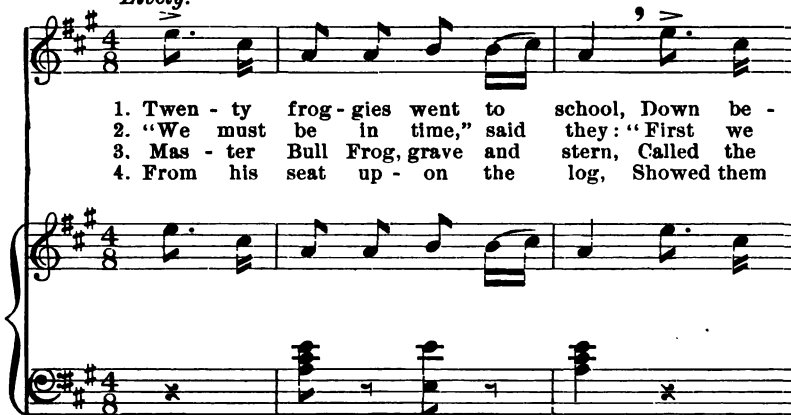
pleasantest thing Ev - er a child can do.

pp

2 Up in the air and over the wall;
Till I can see so wide,
Rivers and trees and cattle and all,
Over the country side.

8 Till I look down on the garden green,
Down on the roof so brown;
Up in the air I go flying again,
Up in the air and down.

FROGS AT SCHOOL.

Lively.


1. Twen - ty frog - gies went to school, Down be -
 2. "We must be in time," said they: "First we
 3. Mas - ter Bull Frog, grave and stern, Called the
 4. From his seat up - on the log, Showed them



side a rush - y pool, Twenty lit - tle coats of
 stud - y, then we play; That is how we keep the
 class - es in their turn; Taught them how to no - bly
 how to say, "Ker - chog!" Al - so how to dodge a

green, Twenty vests, all white and clean, Twen - ty
 rule, When we frog - gies go to school, That is
 strive, Like - wise how to leap and dive, Taught them
 blow From the sticks which bad boys throw, Al - so

The first system of the musical score for 'Twenty Froggies' features a vocal melody in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The lyrics are written below the notes. The piano accompaniment consists of a right-hand melody in treble clef and a left-hand bass line in bass clef, both in the same key signature. The left hand includes several rests marked with an 'x'.

rall.

lit - tle coats of green, Twenty vests, all white and clean.
 how we keep the rule, When we froggies go to school."
 how to no - bly strive, Likewise how to leap and dive.
 how to dodge a blow From the sticks which bad boys throw.

The second system of the musical score continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. It begins with a 'rall.' (rallentando) instruction. The lyrics are written below the notes. The piano accompaniment continues with a right-hand melody in treble clef and a left-hand bass line in bass clef, both in the same key signature. The left hand includes several rests marked with an 'x'.

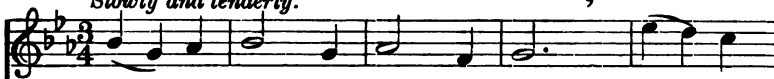
5 Twenty froggies grew up fast,
 Bull-frogs they became at last,
 ||: Not one dunce among the lot,
 Not one lesson they forgot. :||

6 Polished in a high degree,
 As each froggie ought to be;
 ||: Now they sit on other logs,
 Teaching other little frogs. :||

CRADLE SONG.

K. S. Alcorn.

K. V. Winterfeld.

Slowly and tenderly.

1. Slum - ber isle is far a - way, Swing, swing,



swing, swing, cra - dle, swing; In the midst of



dream-land lay, Swing, swing, swing, swing, cra - dle, swing.

- 2 There's a ship that safely bears
 O'er the deep, swing, swing, swing, swing,
 Every little one who dares
 Trifle with the sleep, swing, swing,
- 3 Baby's ship is sailing slow,
 Swing, swing, swing, swing, cradle, swing,
 Where the sweetest flowers grow,
 Swing, swing, swing, swing, cradle, swing.
- 5 When the babies go to sleep,
 Swing, swing, swing, swing, cradle, swing;
 Angels o'er them vigils keep,
 Swing, swing, swing, swing, cradle, swing.
- 7 Now the ship is far away,
 Swing, swing, swing, swing, cradle, swing;
 Safely moored in Dreamland bay,
 Swing, swing, swing, swing, cradle, swing.

THE LITTLE STAR.

Kindergarten.

Not too fast.

1. Twin-kle, twin-kle, lit - tle star, How I wonder what you are,
2. When the blaz-ing sun is gone, When he nothing shines upon,

Up a - bove the world so high, Like a dia-mond in the sky.
Then you show your lit - tle light, Twin-kle, twin-kle all the night.

REFRAIN.

The musical score for the Refrain is written in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal melody, starting on a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics 'Twin-kle, twin-kle, lit - tle star, How I won-der what you are.' are written below the notes. The middle staff is the right-hand piano accompaniment, featuring chords on a treble clef. The bottom staff is the left-hand piano accompaniment, featuring a simple bass line on a bass clef with 'x' marks indicating where the left hand plays.

This block contains the continuation of the musical score. It consists of two staves. The top staff is the vocal melody, continuing from the previous section. The bottom staff is the piano accompaniment, continuing with chords in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

3 Then the trav'ler in the dark
 Thanks you for your tiny spark;
 Could not see which way to go,
 If you did not twinkle so. Twinkle, etc.

4 In the dark blue sky you keep,
 While you through my window peep,
 And you never shut your eye,
 Till the sun is in the sky. Twinkle, etc.

ARBOR DAY.

Anon.

Slow. Simple and expressive.

1. Ba - by buds are wak - ing In - to blossoms now; . . .

Birds their nests are mak - ing On the leaf - y bough.

2 Tender grass is springing
 All along our way,
 While with joy we're singing,
 Welcome, Arbor Day.

APPLE BLOSSOM.

John G. Whittier.

Sweetly.

1. The Night is moth-er of the Day, The Win-ter of the

*cres.*

Spring; And ev - er up - on old de - cay The

cres.*dim.**mf*

green-est moss-es cling, The green-est moss-es cling.

*dim.**mf*

2 Behind the cloud the starlight lurks,
 Through showers the sunbeams fall;
 For God, who loveth all His works,
 :: Has left His hope with all. :||

THE HARP.

Whittier.
Pensive and slowly.

G. A. G. Schulz.

1. The harp at Na - ture's ad - vent strung Has

nev - er ceased to play; The song the stars of

mf cres.

The musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a single melodic line in treble clef, ending with a double bar line and a fermata. Above the final measure of this staff is the instruction *, rall.*. The middle staff is a piano accompaniment in treble clef, featuring a series of chords and moving lines. It begins with a series of six dots (.....) followed by a forte (*f*) dynamic marking. The staff concludes with a *rall.* instruction and a *pp* (pianissimo) dynamic marking, accompanied by a hairpin decrescendo symbol. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef, providing a harmonic foundation with a steady rhythm of eighth and quarter notes.

morn - ing sung Has nev - er died a - way, a - way.

2 And prayer is made, and praise is given,
 By all things near and far;
 The ocean looketh up to heaven,
 And mirrors every star.

3 The mists above the morning rills
 Rise white as wings of prayer;
 The Altar — curtains of the hills
 Are sunset's purple air.

4 The blue sky is the temple's arch,
 Its transept earth and air,
 The music of its starry march
 The chorus of a prayer.

5 So Nature keeps the reverent frame
 With which her years began,
 And all her signs and voices shame
 The prayerless heart of man.

FLOWER TIME.

Words from Leaves and Flowers (Spear).

I. Fr. Reichardt.

Gently.

The first system of the musical score for 'Flower Time'. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 6/8. The vocal line begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and ends with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The piano accompaniment also starts with a piano (*p*) dynamic and ends with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic, with a crescendo hairpin indicating the increase in volume. The lyrics '1 The blue - bell with its soft green leaves, Looks' are written below the vocal line.

p *mf*

1 The blue - bell with its soft green leaves, Looks

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'out up - on the sky; The vio - let in her'. It features a piano (*p*) dynamic marking. The piano accompaniment includes a piano (*p*) dynamic marking and a crescendo hairpin. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

p *p*

out up - on the sky; The vio - let in her

shad - y nook Lifts up her soft blue eye.

pp *rall.*

2 The daisy and the buttercup

Are blooming everywhere;
A thousand pretty woodland flowers,
With fragrance fill the air.

3 The merry, happy children dance

Beneath the shady trees,
As happy as the little birds,
And busy as the bees.

THE BLUEBIRD'S SONG.

Emily Huntington Miller.

Cheerfully.

1. I know the song that the bluebird is singing, Out in the ap - ple tree
2. Hark! how the mu-sic leaps out of his throat! Hark! was there ev-er so



- where he is singing. Brave lit - tle fel - low! the skies may be dreary,
mer - ry a note? Lis - ten a - while, and you'll hear what he's say - ing,



CHORUS.

Noth - ing cares he while his heart is so cheery. Daf-fo - dils!
Up in the ap - ple treeswinging and swaying.

Daf-fodils! say, do you hear? Summer is coming! and springtime is here!

3 "Dear little blossoms down under the snow,
You must be weary of winter, I know;
Hark, while I sing you a message of cheer!
Summer is coming! and springtime is here!

4 "Little white snow-drop, I pray you arise!
Bright yellow crocus, come open your eyes!
Sweet little violets, hid from the cold,
Put on your mantles of purple and gold!"

BEAUTY EVERYWHERE.

W. L. Smith.

Himmel.

Not too slow.

1. There is beau - ty in the for - est, When the

The first system of the musical score for 'Beauty Everywhere'. It features a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is B-flat major (two flats) and the time signature is 4/4. The vocal line begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and a slur over the first two notes. The lyrics '1. There is beau - ty in the for - est, When the' are written below the vocal line. The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the right hand and a simple bass line in the left hand.

trees are green and fair; There is beau - ty in the

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'trees are green and fair; There is beau - ty in the'. It includes a piano (*p*) dynamic marking and a slur over the final notes. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and a bass line, maintaining the 4/4 time signature and B-flat major key.

mf meadow, Where wild flow - ers scent the air, *mf* Where wild

flow - ers scent the air.

rall.

2 There is beauty in the sunlight,
 And the soft, blue beam above;
 Oh, the world is full of beauty
 ||: When the heart is full of love! :

EVENING SHADES.

Joseph Addison, 1672-1719.

Arranged.

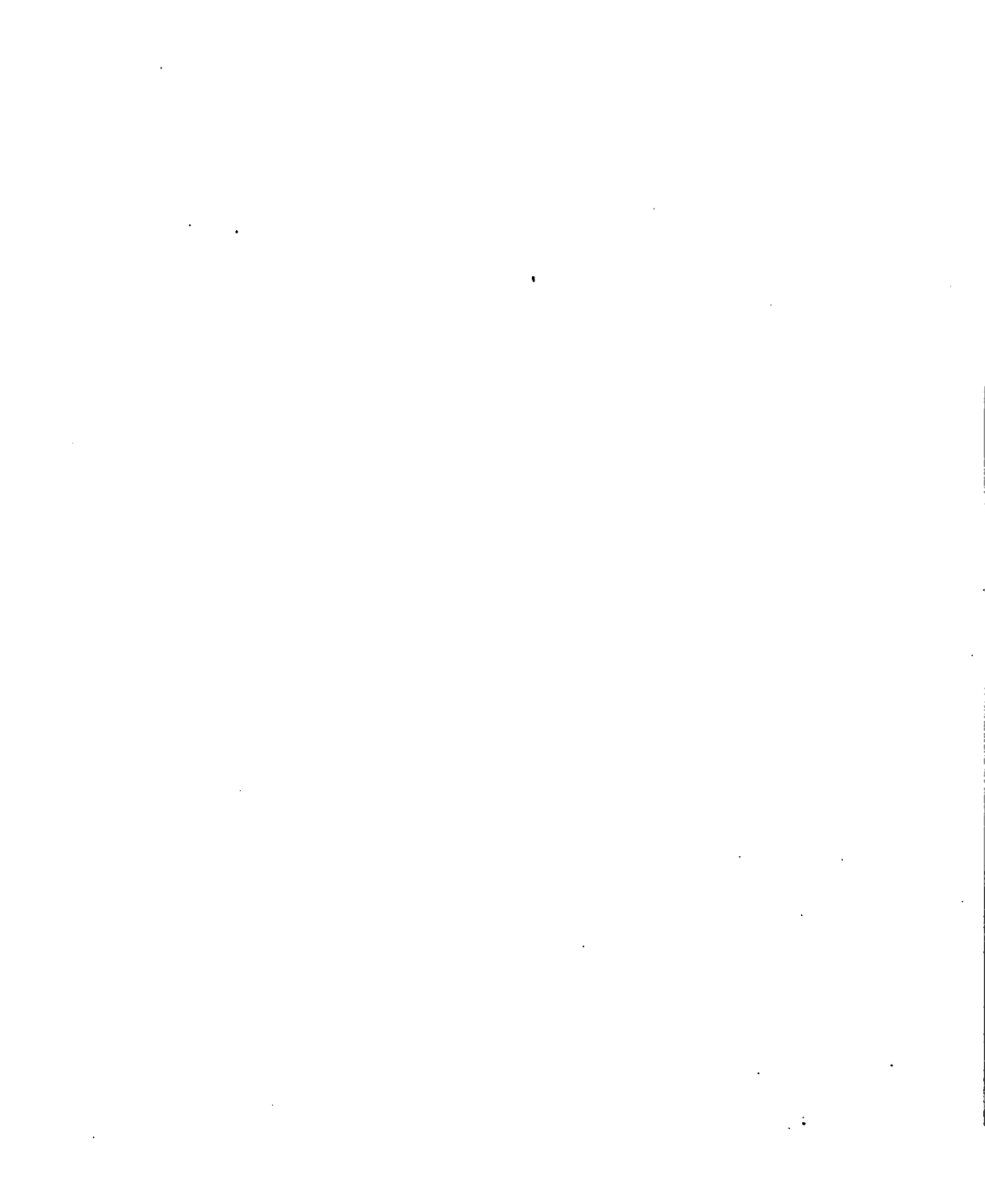
Tranquil.

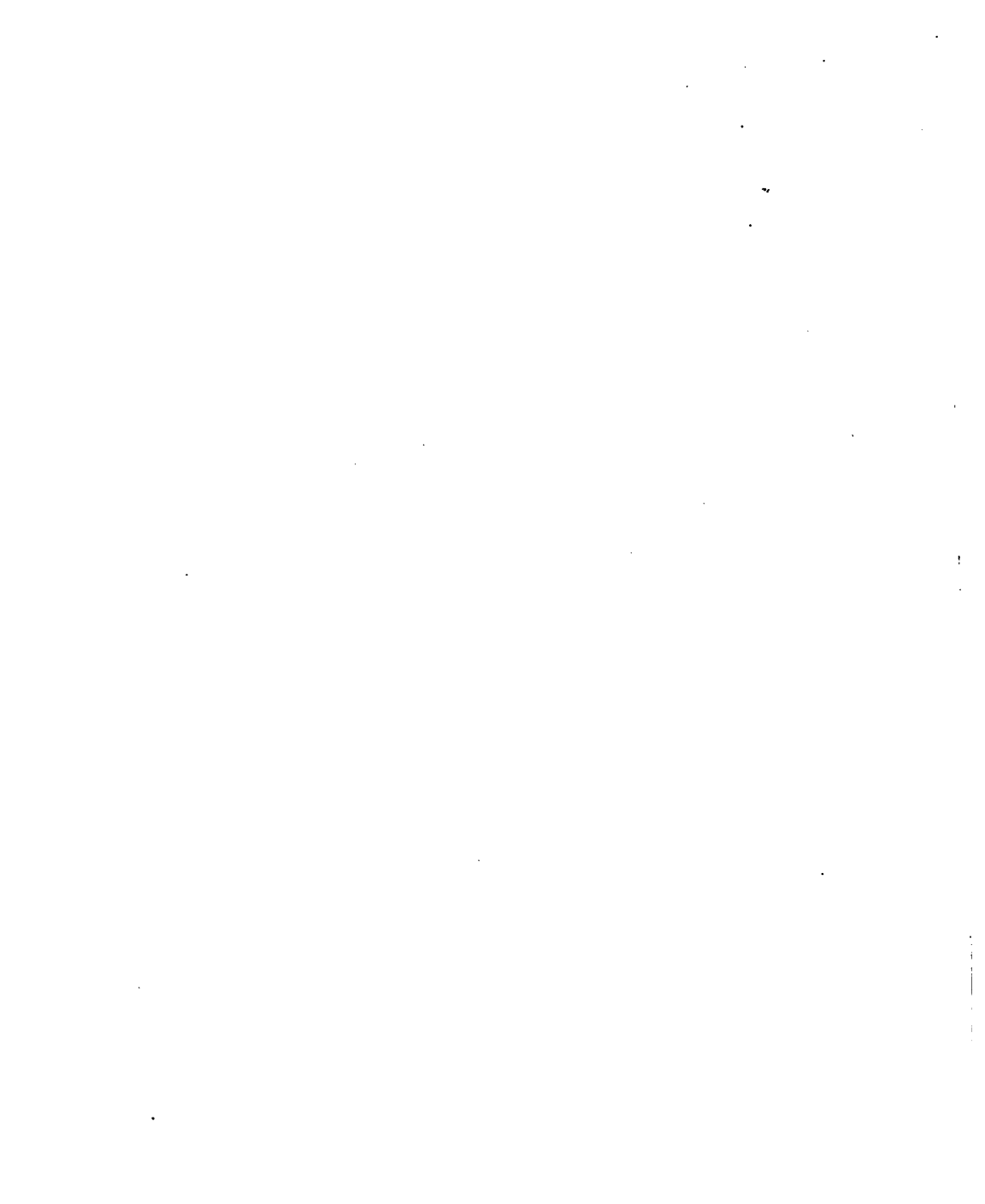
1. Soon as the eve-ning shades pre-vail, The moon takes

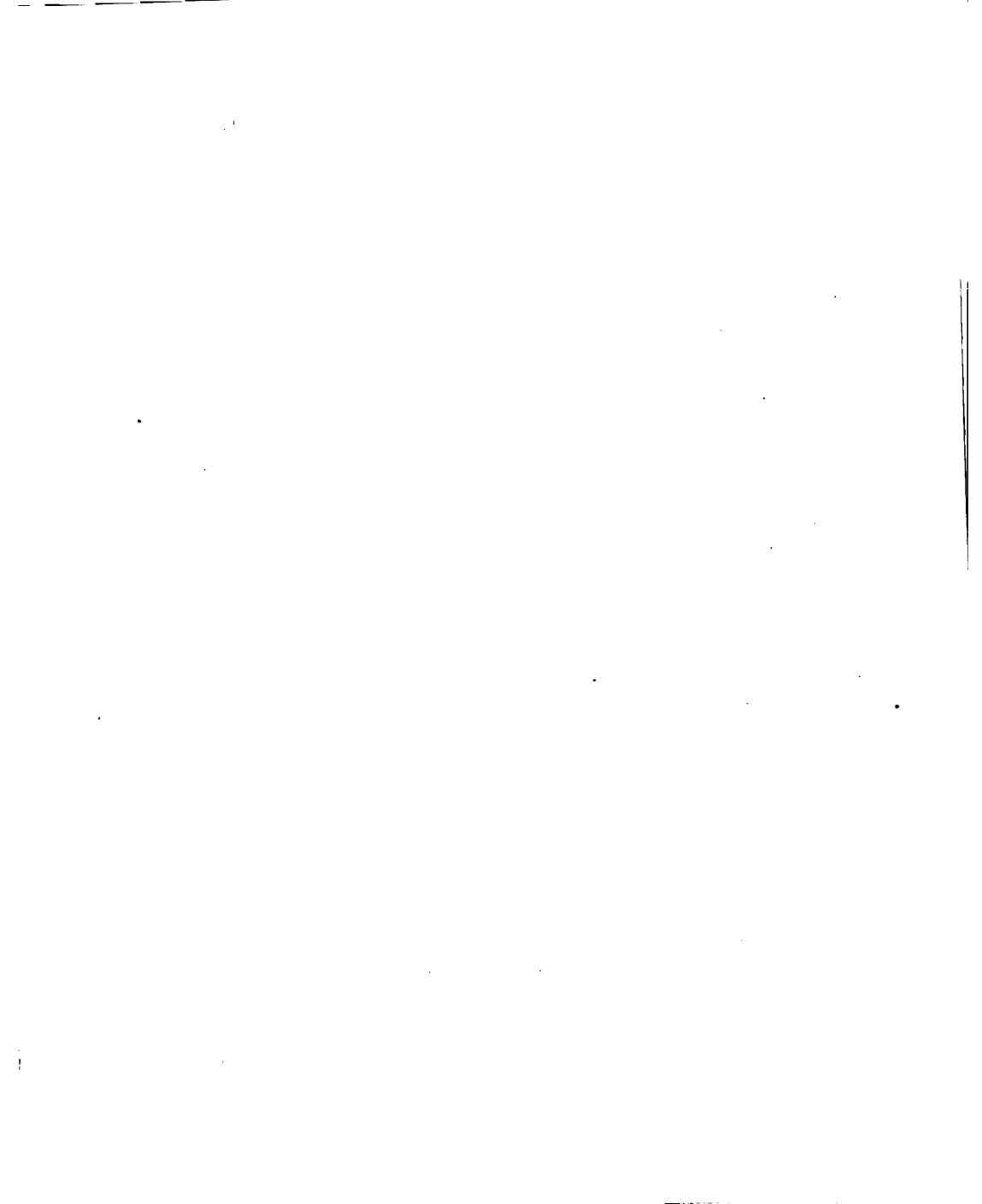
up the won-drous tale; And night - ly to the

list-'ning earth Re-peats the sto-ry of her birth.

2 While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.







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